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BESIDE THE GRAVE.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

I know a grave.
Half hidden in the sombre yew tree's shade,
Where sunbeams never play
With golden arrows; only grasses wave
In melancholy rhythm. Let me stay:
Angels have knelt with me when I have prayed.

Are we not glad
That they who in this life did labor well
Have reached the goal?
We ne'er shall win the Crown by being sad;
There is a Cross to bear, a task for all;
There is stubbornness of Self to quell.

And griefs are sent
To mellow earth's crude harmonies, and tears
Are rained from weary eyes
To freshen faith that is too often bent:
To water that pure germ whose flower shall rise,
And blossom in God's garden, through all years.

ALONG THE LINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

AUTHOR OF "BENEATH THE SEA" "UNDER WILD SKIES" ETC, ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

I FELT that I had caught the infection from James Gummer, and was so drowsy that I would have given a year of my life to have lain down to sleep, if but for one minute.

What should I do?

Telegraph to the station for Bell?

He could not leave.

Telegraph to Tod?

What, to tell him that I was so sleepy that I could not do my work?

He would make it the basis of an elaborate report.

I would not be beaten.

I lit my pipe, and smoked furiously, with the horrible stupor increasing, till a sharp ting-ting of my telegraph bell roused me, and I had to answer a message, which I finished just in time to shunt the goods train off on to the siding, where, with Bell's help, after detaching the engine, they began to pick up a couple of trucks from the station yard.

That roused me a little; and I stood at my door, looking out into the darkness, where there was the glow of the engine fire, the waving of the guard's and Bell's lanterns, the whistling of the engine, and the puff-puff of the steam and clang of the trucks, as they were run back one against another.

But, even as I stood there, the drowsiness increased; and I had a sharp walk again of three steps and turn each way in my box, as I told myself what I had to do—to shunt the light engine on to the Beamish down line before the down mail train came, the points for which were fixed all ready for it to thunder through on its way due west through the night.

Nothing to do but that, and then send on the goods train.

I could not make any mistake; so it would be folly to summon help, sleepy as I was.

But all the same, I could not help feeling how reprehensible it was that the companies did not have two men together in a signal-box, when the lives of so many depended on their accuracy.

"Let me see," I said, as I relit my pipe to make me wakeful—"to shunt the light engine on to the Beamish down line, signal after the down mail has passed, and then send—then send—luggage on; to report Tod—shame of directors—"

I leaped up, with a feeling of horror on me.

I had dozed off again: and I threw the pipe aside, thinking that all would be right now, for the sleepy feeling would have passed away.

I set my teeth, thrust my head out into the dark night, and listened.

There was the shunting going on still, with the guard and Bell waving lights about, and the engine puffing about and driving trucks one against the other with a loud clang.

I could not have had my eyes closed half a minute; and I drew my head in again, and determined not to act like poor Gummer did.

I would not even sit down, but stood leaning against the window, looking along the dark line to where the distance signal shone out like a living green star, there being a hole at the back of the signal lamp, with glass the same color as the front, to let me see if it was turned on right.

"Shunt the light engine on to the Beamish down line, signal after the down mail has passed, and send on the goods train," I said to myself, as I gazed out of the window—"easy enough work; but hard, hard to do at a time like this, when one's ideas get confused.

"Ah! master Ned, I little thought what a task it was going to be."

And I shivered at the idea of its proving likely to make me neglect my duty in any way; for like some hideous nightmare hanging over me, there had always been the undefined idea that some time or another I might touch the wrong lever, and send a score of people to eternity.

I was wakeful now, though, and had got over my drowsiness.

That was a capital plan, that—standing up with one's head in the fresh air: but no sooner did I withdraw it, and go to my instruments, than the horrible drowsiness came over me again.

I fought against it, I nerved myself I swore I would not sleep; but as I stood there I slept, and I had to run to the window again, as everything grew obscure and confused.

"This is being sleepy with a vengeance," I thought.

And for a moment I hesitated as to whether I should telegraph to Tod.

Had he been a different kind of man, I should have done so; but as it was I refrained, and stayed there at the open window, gazing along the dark line, and thinking that in a few minutes I should be at liberty to sleep as much as I liked.

There was the shunting going on still.

By jingo! that was a pretty crash! The buffers need be pretty strong, and the coupling chains too.

There was the green point of the signal lamp in the distance, and the other as well—both all right.

All my other signals were burning too; and—"Ting-ting!"—there was the bell; light engine passed the last station.

Another five minutes, and it would be here, true to its time.

"Let me see," I thought, as I stood there; "last night it was ten minutes late, and it came through here like a racing demon, with the furnace door open, and the light thrown out on the steam, seeming to turn it into fire, as it trailed out behind, like a golden ensign.

"Ah," I went on, "how careful one ought to be with these trains that have to cross other lines.

"If I were a director, I would not have a single case of one line crossing another on the level.

"It should either go over or under, whatever the expense.

"Now, for instance," I mused, "there's that light engine for the Beamish down line.

"Why, if I made a mistake, and turned the wrong lever, I should send that engine full canter on to the main down line, towards London, where in twenty minutes or so it would meet the down mail—smash!"

I shuddered as I thought of it, and muttered to myself about the bad management.

"There ought to be two men in a signal-box," I said, "instead of such mean, cheese-paring ways, that they only allow one, but pay the expenses a dozen times over in accidents.

"Accidents—accidents—accidents! Long time shunting.

"To shunt the light engine on to the Beamish down line—signal the mail past—send on luggage to directors' office by Bell when he's done polishing his namesake—poor Ned Hassall—drink—drink—that's the light engine—coming along the line—two tiny points of light—getting bigger and bigger—and bigger—yes, I see you coming—all right—coming nearer—and I'll shunt you all right on to the Beamish down line—directly—directly—directly."

And there I stood at the open window, seeing, knowing, feeling all this, yet chained to the spot—my mind awake, but my body fast asleep and helpless.

I heard the thunder and rush of the coming engine, nearer and nearer; and in another instant or two, as it came shrieking on, it would go dash along towards Talleyford on the single line if I did not touch the lever; and yet I could not move.

Nearer—nearer—it was past the signals, and there would be a horrible accident if I did not act.

It was that last short, sharp shriek of the whistle did it, as I stared straight at the two great glowing eyes of the engines close upon me; and, relieved from the spell, I made one bound to the levers, forced one down, and with a rush the engine swerved from its course as I threw myself on my knees, mad nearly, but thankful for the awful escape.

I was wide awake now, and I rose hastily to telegraph on, when, as I cast my eyes on the lever I had thrust down, my hair stood on end, and the great sweat drops started to my forehead; for like a flash came the knowledge that in my dreamy haste I had seized the wrong handle, forced down the wrong lever, and at that moment the light engine was careering on right away on the down line, to meet the coming mail.

* * * * * *

Mr. Levigne sat holding me in his arms for a time, in silence; then, kissing my forehead, he laid my head back gently on the pillow, and began softly to undo the bandage.

I lay trembling as he softly cut a stitch here and a stitch there; for the feeling kept coming that after all there might be some hope.

I felt that I was blind, but I need not be—it was probably only my imagination.

I should soon know, though, I told myself; and I waited, struggling to control my desire to catch at his hands, till I felt the bandage softly drawn away, and I knew that I was lying there with my eyelids wide open, staring straight up into an illimitable void of black darkness.

It was too true, I was blind!

And yet it was so hard to realize; only a short time before in the full enjoyment of all my faculties, and now a helpless burden to all who knew me.

Blind! blind! blind!

That word kept repeating itself in every throb of my pulses; till, growing calmer, I lay with my hands clasped over my breast, and the tears stealing from beneath my eyelids, to trickle down my scorched and scarred face.

I tried hard to be resigned; but out of that black darkness came the picture of the sunny old home, and the happy girlhood days, mingled with memories of Mr. Scarlett, and of him who had so lately asked me to be his wife; and at last I lay there and sobbed as if my heart would break.

I heard the door unclose, and whispers.

Then came Mr. Levigne's words—

"Let her cry; it will do her good."

"Are you there, Kate?" I said; for I heard a sigh close by my pillow.

"Yes," she said, laying her cheek to mine. "Oh, my poor, poor sissy!"

That did me more good than all the talking that a thousand sisters could have administered in condolence; for Kate threw her arms round me, and burst into a passion of weeping, as she strained me to her breast.

I had to console her, and that gave me strength to bear my own trouble.

"Now, tell me, dear," I said, as I lay with my head on her arm—"tell me all about it, I can bear to hear it, and it will do me good."

"But blind, Jenny—blind!" sobbed Kate, "Oh! it is too hard to bear."

"Oh, no," I said, smiling. "I shall bear it; for you will all be very kind, and Vi will take care of me."

I tried so hard to say that without a tremble in my voice; but there were little fluttering sobs every here and there amongst the words.

"Oh, Jenny, Jenny!" she sobbed.

I gained fresh strength of mind as I had to comfort her more and more.

You see, dear Kate was so weak still; she had never yet recovered thoroughly from her last illness, and she was taking my little trouble to heart.

"Now tell me about myself, dear," I whispered.

"It is my woman's vanity at work. Is my face much seamed?"

"No, not at all," she said, sitting up and kissing me as she spoke.

"Mr. Levigne said that you were so good and patient that there would be hardly any scars.

"There will be a little mark below this cheek, and two on your forehead. But your eyes, darling—your eyes!" she said bursting into another passion of weeping. "It is so terrible."

"Not half so terrible as it would have been for dear little Vi to have suffered as much."

Kate gave a gasp of horror, and clutched at my arm as the picture I raised appeared before her mother's eyes; and I could not help smiling as she answered me—

"Oh, don't, dear, it is too horrible!"

"It might have been worse, then, you see," I said.

"Oh, pray dont talk so, Jenny," she sobbed; "it makes me seem so selfish."

"It is quite right," I said, calmly; for now that I knew the worst, I was getting quite resigned.

"Now, go on telling me. If I shut my eyes, do I look such a terrible object?"

"No, no, dear," she said; "the marks grow less plain every day. Oh, Jenny, dear, don't ask me any more."

Kate ran out of the room, and I sat up till Kate returned to whisper to me—

"Mark is downstairs."

"Does he know that my sight is quite gone?" I asked.

"Yes dear he knows all; and he begs so hard to come to you."

I did not answer for a few moments, but my mind was quite made up. It was from no vanity, but so as to give him ample time for thought before we met, and I said—

"Tell him to go now—to wait for a time—a few weeks; I could not meet him now. He had better not see me."

"Oh, Jenny," said Kate, "you don't know poor Mark."

"I wish you to spare him greater pain," I answered, speaking firmly; for the strength and resignation I had prayed for were now mine.

"Kate, dear, it is better that we should not meet yet."

"I told him so," she said; "but he pressed so hard, poor fellow, that he won me to

his side. He is fonder of you than ever, Jenny."

"He only pities me," I said, quietly.

"What a queer girl you are!" cried Kate. "A stranger would think you did not care for him a bit."

I felt my cheeks tingle a little at this, but made no reply beyond that which I had given; and Kate went away, leaving me to my thoughts.

For I wanted to be kind to Mark Stacey; and, while feeling a strange sense of satisfaction at the certainty of our engagement being at an end, I was still willing for it to go on if it would add to his happiness.

But I felt sure that he would wish to withdraw after a little reflection, even without seeing me.

It was the dread of his pity that made me feel resentment—poor, mentally blind creature that I was—as well: for I did not call to mind that it was pity on my side that had made me listen to his suit.

Both Frank and Kate tried to move me from my resolve not to meet Mark; but I remained firm, and I told them that I trusted to their honor not to bring about an interview until I was willing.

It was quite two months before I was downstairs, enjoying in a sad kind of way the tender deference shown to me by every one about the farm.

If I expressed a wish for anything, half a dozen hands were ready to obtain it; and matters were done for me with such empressement that my helpless blindness was brought before me at every turn.

Little Vi seemed quite to enjoy her important position of my leader; and hour after hour we spent together, rambling about the place.

Then, after a short stay at the seaside, I was quite restored.

There seemed to be a new instinct growing up within me, no matter how quiet had been the entry.

And so it happened that one afternoon, when Frank and Kate had gone over to Calkton, with the intention of calling on our old aunt, Miss Lint, I left Vi playing on the lawn, and went into the house, having little need now to feel my way; for that was another instinct that seemed to be coming to me—the knowledge when I was going wrong, and in danger of striking against anything.

I wanted my knitting, to take out to the garden seat, as I could do that easily now; and so I walked straight into the drawing-room with my eyelids closed—a position they always occupied now, except when I was moved by some emotion, for, without wishing to be vain, I felt that it made my face less repulsive than with my blank, staring, sightless eyes wide open.

I had walked right into the room, in my silent way, when I stopped short, leaning in one direction.

"There is some one here," I said. "Who is it?"

A sudden ejaculation, and the utterance of my name, answered the question, telling me it was Mark Stacey.

"At last," he said—"my darling!"

His voice quivered as he held me to his breast, and I made no resistence to the warm embrace; but in my agitation I instinctively raised my eyes to his, and a moment after I knew what I had done, and its effect upon my suitor.

"This has been so cruel of you. It has been unbearable," he exclaimed.

But I had felt him start; I detected a change in his voice; and, as my heart beat violently, I knew that he was stunned by my appearance, so changed from that of her he had thought he loved.

"I believed it to be for the best," I said, quietly; and there was a tinge of coldness in my words that I could not control. "Don't you think it was?"

"Oh, no—a thousand times no!" he exclaimed, recovering himself, and leading me to a sofa.

"My poor darling, what you must have suffered!"

"But I am better now," I said.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed; "but your eyes—your eyes, Jenny; we must have better advice for you."

I smiled as I withdrew my hand, and shook my head sadly.

"It would be of no avail," I said; "and I am resigned to my loss. I did not think life could pass so pleasantly to the sightless."

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, excitedly, "of course. And, Jenny, darling, I will devote my life to you."

I did not answer; I could not then, for his words troubled me sorely.

I could feel it all so well.

He was making such a hard struggle, poor fellow! to carry the love that he had had for one woman on to another; for I knew well how I was changed.

We sat there together in silence for awhile, as I made up my mind what course to pursue—and that was how I found that my ideas were confirmed, and that he would wish to keep up our engagement from a feeling of pity—to treat all the past as thoroughly cut off from the present, and to let him see that I looked upon the Jenny Anson of his love as dead.

"You did not think I was so changed?" I said, quietly.

"Oh, no; I never dreamed—I—but what of that, dearest? I could not, of course—I——"

"Don't say any more to me now, Mr. Stacey, please," I said quietly; "I am very weak, and such a meeting as is this more than I can very well bear. Will you leave me now?"

"Dearest Jenny, yes," he said fighting so hard to be manly and true over it all, but failing dismally. "Good-bye, my own. I may come again?"

"Oh, yes, of course," I said.

"You know how glad Frank and Kate always are to see you."

"And you—dearest Jenny?"

"I am only an invalid yet, and whimsical," I said, with a faint smile; "but I shall not hide away."

He tried to take me in his arms; but I evaded his embrace, and held out my hand which he passionately kissed.

"Good-bye, dearest," he said.

"Good-bye, Mr. Stacey," I said.

And again unintentionally I raised my eyes; and, as he hurried from the room, poor fellow! I heard him groan.

CHAPTER VIII.

A COMING CHANGE.

I COULD not help having a long cry after Mark Stacey had gone, for I was still only weak.

I felt that I had been cold and unkind to the poor fellow, who had awakened to the fact that the fruit he was about to pluck had turned to ashes when near his lips.

You see, I quite look upon myself now as having been beautiful and I suppose I had a soft, clear skin and regular features before I was burned.

All the same, though, I felt that he was changed—that he was terribly shocked at my appearance, and full of pity for me; and, wiping my eyes, I said—

"Poor fellow! it was for the best."

Then I started, for there was the rustle as of a stiff silk close by me.

"What are you crying about?" said a sharp voice I knew very well.

"I am weak yet with my late illness, aunt," I said, holding out my hands.

"Stuff!" she said, kissing me sharply, and then pushing me away; but the next moment, as if relenting, putting her arms round me and holding me to her breast as she held my cheek to hers. "Poor child! You have been ill, though very; and you are suffering now. I like people who suffer."

She led me to the sofa, and sat down, holding my hand in hers.

"Tell me, my child, has that man—Staylace, or whatever his name is—been jilting you?—throwing you aside and breaking his promise, because of your accident? If he has, we'll have an action against him. We will, if it costs me fifty thousand pounds!"

"No, no, aunt, dear," I said; "he's not to blame."

"I saw him go, and I believe he is."

"Indeed, no," I said. "If our engagement is broken off, it will be through me."

"Why, you don't care for the man, child," she said, sharply.

She took my face in hers, and I could feel that she was peering in it.

"I—I'm afraid not," I said hesitating. "I'm afraid he would only pity me now, instead of——"

"I know," she said, sharply—"I know. You're quite right. Don't be pitied by any one. Stop a moment."

She got up, and threw open the window, to shout to her stout coachman—

"Thomas, you are going to sleep!"

Then she came back, took my head between her hands, as if looking at my eyes, ending by kissing them both very gently; and I felt the tears trickle down at the unexpected tenderness.

"Don't cry, child; and mind this—we must know more of one another, I didn't like you, because you'll grow into a disagreeable old maid like I am.

"I'm very methodical, you know, child. You shall come and stay with me often, and I'll read to you. I'm very cross and snappish, though—very; but you must not mind."

"I don't think you'll be cross to me aunt" I said smiling.

"I don't know," she said, sharply. "When a nature has grown sour, you can't make it sweet."

"Do you know that Frank and——"

"Yes, I know, child—they've gone over to Calkton to see me. I saw them when I drove out to see my signalman. I don't like them."

"Kate is very kind and loving, aunt," I said, laying my hand in hers; "and Frank has been so brotherly."

"Yes, yes," she said, sharply; "but they are fond of one another, and call each other 'dear.' I hate to see people happy. Why wasn't I happy?"

"You'll take something, aunt—a glass of wine and a biscuit?"

"No, thank you—yes, please," she said, quickly.

And I went straight into the dining-room and fetched the decanter, a glass, and the biscuit-box out of the cellaret, feeling all the time that she was following me.

"Shall I pour you out a glass, aunt?" I said, removing the stopper.

"No, child, no—I don't want any; it was only to see if you could get it. I'm glad to see you so helpful. Good-bye, child, I shall fetch you in a day or two, perhaps; but you won't be very comfortable. Will you come?"

"Yes, aunt," I said, "I shall be very glad to come."

She did not kiss me again, but hurried out of the room, and in a few minutes I heard the noise of her carriage wheels.

At the end of a couple of hours Kate and Frank returned.

"If it was not too ill-natured to say such a thing, I should be tempted to declare that Aunt Lint saw us in the town, and went out on purpose to avoid us," said Kate, petulantly.

"Aunt Lint has been here," I said very quietly.

"What an oddity!" cried Kate, as Frank left the room; "but, Jenny, you've had another visitor; hasn't Mark Stacey been here?"

"Yes," I said quietly.

"And now you're satisfied; you can see how good and true he is?"

I did not answer.

"Jenny, dear," said Kate, reproachfully, "you haven't been cruel to him?"

"No," I said; "I have been kind."

"How strangely you are talking!" she said. "What do you mean? I never did see such a lover as you are, Jenny. Come, tell me; didn't he tell you he loved you better than ever?"

"Yes, he told me so."

"Well, then, of course he does."

"I do not see it, Kate," I said, calmly. "Mr Stacey has been here to-day, and seen me—I think, to be disenchanted."

"How can you think so meanly of him?" she cried. "Why, the poor fellow loves you better than ever. He told me so only yesterday."

"Before he had seen me," I replied.

"As if that could make any difference," she said. "Oh, Jenny, I'm afraid you have grown very crotchety, and hard to please. Here's poor Mark, dying to make you his wife."

"Wait a little, Kate, dear," I said.

"Recollect—I am blind."

"Yes, and to his deep love."

"No, dear," I said, quietly, "I did believe in that; but I can feel that where love reigned pity has taken its place."

CHAPTER IX.

A LIFE RACE.

I WAS wide awake now, and in action.

"Click, click!"

I had altered the lever.

To stop to telegraph on would take time. At that time of night there would be no one ready at the little stations to read the messages and stop the engine or train; and before now the mail must have passed Barbon'. I knew all this as I ran out of the box, leaped down, and ran to where the great luggage engine was now standing, close to the line, waiting my signals to go on to it, with steam escaping from the valve at full pressure.

In a few bounds I was upon it, with the driver and stoker; and in a breath I had explained the position, which was taken on the instant.

"Turn the points, Bell!" I shouted.

He bent down the lever as I spoke. The great engine was uncoupled, waiting to go and pick up another to back from the far side; and—"pant, pant, pant!"—we ran on to the main down line, reversed, and as the lever swung back we returned over the points, with the great, trebly connected wheels spinning round, and refusing to bite the iron, so great was the pressure put on them at first; while I felt mad almost with excitement at the slow movement of the engine.

"Put on more steam," I said to the driver as we glided from the station.

"Give her time, mate," he said, quietly. "She's slow at starting; but when she's once off, she'll wake them up."

He knew his work.

And I stood holding on by the side, as we slowly gathered speed, the wheels biting now, instead of racing round without sending us on; and the wind began to ruffle my hair as we went on, tender first, with the station lights far behind.

For a moment or two I thought of my position.

I had left the signal box empty; but it was within a few minutes of James Gummer coming to relieve me.

By this time he was probably there; so I turned my thoughts now entirely to the task on hand, which was to dash at full speed after the light engine, and overtake it before it could encounter the mail.

"There, mate, she's a-waking up," shouted the driver in my ear, as the large engine seemed to bound along, going in jumps. "Shove on some more coal, Billy."

There was a rattle and clang as the stoker threw open the furnace door, and the flames leaped and roared as he threw on with his hands lump after lump of coal; while the glow from the fire lit up our weird-looking forms, and sent a halo out into the darkness.

I could not help noticing these things, though my soul was bent on the one great aim of overtaking the light engine; and after peering ahead in the vain hope of seeing the red tail lights of the tender, I then said——

"Do you think we can catch it?"

"I'd ketch any engine on the line if you give me time enough," he said, showing his teeth.

"What are we doing now?" I said, with my lips close to his ear, for the noise and rush were deafening.

"Over fifty.

"In a few minutes we shall be at sixty; and we'll do ninety if the old girl's got the stuff in her. Shove on some more coal, Billy."

The stoker obeyed, and there was a glow of excitement on both their faces, as the fire lit them up, the door being now left open; and as we faced the wind—going backwards as we were—the fire roared loudly through the tubes.

Talking became impossible, except in shouts, and we all held on by something—driver standing by his lever, the stoker at the break, and the cause of all the mischief on the other side.

The whistle was kept going, for we had to dash unexpected through two or three little stations, and the wonder was that we were not more than once turned by a porter into some siding.

But we raced on, with the oscillation tremendous, and the engine seeming to be endued with life.

But for the horror that clutched my heart I could have enjoyed the mad excitement, as the driver caught my arm, and shouted:

There, I told you so—she's going far on to ninety; but we mustn't keep it up, or we shall be on the mail.

"Go on," I said, hoarsely; "we shall see the lights in time to stop."

Not at this rate, matey.'

His hand went towards the lever to check the speed, when I arrested him.

One minute more," I said—"we must see the light engine directly."

He shook his head, but dropped his hand as I peered forward into the black darkness.

There were lights—one red.

Was that the engine?

No, it was a station; and in a moment we were by it, with a rush and a roar.

I shaded my eyes from the wind, which almost took away my breath, and still looked on despairingly: for the minute was nearly up, and I knew the driver was right; to persevere meant only to increase the catastrophe by hurling ourselves into it.

And now in the bright glow from the furnace door I saw his hand go up once more.

"It's of no use, matey," he shouted. "I dare do no more."

He seized the handle; but I caught his arm with my left hand, as with my other I pointed forward into the darkness, where, unmistakably now, were the two red tail lights of the engine.

"Hoorour!" shouted the driver.

He then gave the lever a thrust in the right direction, which sent us on at increased speed, if it were possible; and, to my intense delight, I found the red lights getting bigger and bigger each moment; till, in spite of the driver of the light engine putting on steam, we ran close up to it, touched it with a force that sent it on faster and then overtook it again—I passing from our tender on to theirs, at no little risk; for no signalling that I could contrive with a lantern seemed to have any effect upon them.

It was like some horrible nightmare to me, as I crawled over the coals to the light engine driver; and I could hardly speak for excitement as I cried:

"Reverse!

"On the wrong line!"

"I said I was, Tom," he cried to his stoker, as he rammed down the lever, while the fireman screwed the break.

"Now get up your tail lights, if you can," I said.

"The down mail's due."

This was done as we slackened speed rapidly, under the effect of reversed engine and the screwed-down break.

And then, as we came to a stand, and then began to move in the other direction, I saw the lights of the mail.

"She'll be into us!" said the driver of the engine, "before we can get speed on."

"Wait a bit," I said. "They'll see the danger signals."

Meanwhile the men on the great goods engine had not been idle, for Billy had coupled the two engines together; and with their power we soon got speed on, moving rapidly as the mail came nearer and nearer, seeing our lights at last, and setting her whistle going as she slackened speed.

That, and the time it gave us, saved us; for we were soon going at a rate that threatened to leave the mail behind.

And in this way we ran till Calkton lights appeared, when we had to slacken; and then, Gummer being in his place, we were shunted off, and the mail was only delayed a minute or two before it was able to continue its journey.

I stopped to see the light engine off on its proper line, and then send the goods train off too, the driver of the great engine stooping down to say:

"I say, that was a near squeak!"

I shuddered as I squeezed his hand.

"You'll have all your work to do to make a quiet case of this, matey," he said.

"But, I say, if the public knew what near squeaks they had sometimes, I don't think many on 'em would travel."

I could answer not, but staggered off like a drunken man, glad to get away from the place that had been mixed up with such a tension upon my nerves, and thinking that I would give up my line of life, but only to feel afterwards that it was my fate to stay.

* * * * * *

Of course there was a disturbance about it.

Tod knew nothing till the next morning, and then we did not give him a full version of the case; but it was sufficient to make him very happy, for he had something to report.

He spent all that morning, so Bell told me, drawing up his report, in a very beautiful, copper-plate-like hand.

For he wrote a capital hand—a common virtue in very slow, stupid, bumptious people.

Then came a summons for me to appear before the directors in London; and I expected to be degraded to ordinary porter's work.

They ought to have served me so if they had done their duty to the public; for if their rules were to be worked, a man who could turn sleepy was not fit for the duty I undertook; and then, if they had taken me off, of course they ought to have taken James Gummer off, too; and, to go farther, I think I may say they would have to do without signalmen at all.

"The fact of it is, my man," said one of the directors, "you went to sleep."

"No, sir," I said, "it happened while I was fighting hard not to go to sleep."

"Then what have you to say for yourself?"

"Only, sir," I said, boldly, "that the hours are too long, and that it is impossible for a man to keep himself from feeling drowsy sometimes."

"Do you mean the hours are too long, or the pay too small?" said another director sarcastically.

"If I agree to work for a certain sum, sir, I always try to do my duty for it.

"I said nothing about money, and I thought nothing about money.

"The fact is, there ought to be two men in every signal-box."

"Oh, nonsense!

"Two men to move a few levers?"

"No, sir—two men to act one as a check to the other."

"Absurd!" he said; but I saw some of the others look serious.

"You'll find I'm right, sir, when there has been a bad accident."

"My good fellow," said the chairman, "are you aware that these remarks are very impertinent to the board, eh?—What? God bless my soul!"

This was to a gentleman who had just entered the room.

"Yes—just come by telegraph—forty killed—number wounded."

The directors all closed round the newcomer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Saved in Sleep.

BY PERCY VERE.

A CLEAR, sweet voice was singing a senseless ditty, with many mocking variations, and operatic trills.

A young man swinging indolently in a hammock, underneath the open window, laid aside his book and tossed away his unfinished cigar, as he listened to the merry trills and quavers.

He has come down to posterity a model of wisdom; the cure was as successful and complete as it was unique.

"I," said he, "will arise and do likewise."

He arose slowly; the voice and its lovely owner had uprooted settled prejudices, and overthrown firm convictions.

Moreover, an underlying fear that he was about to commit the second great folly of his life caused his heart to tremble and his feet to lag.

Nevertheless, straight as the needle to the pole, tended his steps towards that upper room, and the musical disturber of his peace.

She was minding Mrs. Latrobe's baby, as usual.

Mrs. Latrobe was a presumably young widow, somewhat wan and faded as to beauty, which must once have been remarkable—somewhat scrimped as to worldly possessions, yet strongly bent upon making the most of her second chance in life.

In pursuance of which design she displayed the vigor and tirelessness of sixteen leaving her infant, meanwhile, either locked in the profound slumber born of soothing syrups, or to the tender mercies of some obliging fellow-boarder.

It may have been the latent motherliness in her nature, or something she saw in the pitiful drug-darkened eyes of the child, which made Marie Devoll often care for the neglected little one during the absence of its mother.

Harry Raymond was not the man, having made up his mind, to brook any unnecessary delay.

He went straight to the side of the surprised singer, who had supposed him a dozen miles distant, and then, the baby being somewhat in his way, caught it from the arms of its surprised foster-mother, and, with a dexterous fling, sent it flying through the air into the very middle of a great, soft Persian rug, lying before the window.

Miss Devoll uttered a startled cry of protest.

The child, contrary to all precedent, alighted from his airy flight, shrieking with laughter, and lay clutching at the sunbeams, a jewel of a baby in a golden setting.

"Miss Devoll," said Harry earnestly, "you know, as do all my friends, the story of my early folly.

"Years ago, I loved an unworthy object, and ever since I have walked the earth blind to all womanly goodness, purity and truth.

"Through a beautiful woman I lost my sight; through a beautiful woman I found it again.

"Tell me, Marie," his voice trembling with earnestness, "if this love is to be the crown and glory of my life, or its second folly?

"I wish that I might bring you clean hands and a pure heart.

"I can only offer you an unworthy one, but full of a love that is true and abiding—that shall last for ever."

There was no need of words; he read his answer in her sweet, downcast face, and tender eyes; he sealed it on her quivering crimson lips, and was content.

The baby laughed, and with a great crash of wheels, and flutter of silks, the baby's mother returned.

So these two, as needs must, came back to an everyday world, that looked all the brighter and better to them for their brief journey into the beautiful land of love.

Marie Devoll settled her face in unbreakable calm, and Harry lounged about with even more than his usual nonchalance.

Nevertheless, the widow, who was wise in her day and generation, saw more than they supposed, and picking up her neglected offspring, left the room, with a sigh for the dreams of a lost youth.

She had returned from her drive betrothed but instead of the raptures and radiance of first love, her soul was filled with vague doubts—an uncertainty as to whether she might not, by longer waiting, have done even better for herself.

But no such doubts disturbed the youthful lovers.

Their days passed as a happy dream; the course of true love ran smoothly towards the delightful consummation of an early marriage in the fall.

One night Harry, grown strong in his new love, determined to destroy every reminder of that first mad passion of his youth, so letters burning with ardent devotion, costly keepsakes and trinkets were ruthlessly destroyed.

Having once belonged to that false woman, they were unworthy, and their value could not save them.

With a pleasant consciousness of well-doing, he slept the sleep of that just, and wakened in time for a long early walk with his betrothed, from which they returned, radiant and glowing as the dawn, yet truth to tell, somewhat damp and draggled.

In the doorway they met a woman, a new arrival, a gloriously beautiful woman, not an every day pretty woman, but a living breathing dream of perfection.

At sight of her Harry stopped, and grew white to the very lips, then quickly recovering himself, greeted her with manly dignity, presenting at the same time his companion.

"I must be a bond of sympathy between you two," said he, with a sudden dash of bravado, "for this," with a courtly bow towards the fair wonderful woman, "is one of my earliest friends, and this is my betrothed."

It would have been perfect, only he rather overdid the thing.

However, the beauty flushed with vexation.

She was not used to having her victims flaunt their freedom in her face, and to make it worse, Marie, who was only a woman, although an exceedingly nice one, could not help laughing a little as she sped away, and her laugh had in it more of malice than she was in any wise aware of.

The days passed on.

The beautiful woman, who, besides her natural charms, had the added grace of widowhood, trailed her sombre splendor all over the great country-house, making other women look faded and commonplace by comparison.

Mrs. Latrobe and her unpleasant baby were well-nigh annihilated.

Even pretty Marie Devoll seemed like a wan field flower beside this gorgeous Eastern lily.

Harry, to do him justice, shut his eyes persistently.

He was blind and deaf; but one night, when Marie was indisposed, the widow captured him.

It was in the great garden.

The moonlight was entrancing, and the red-hearted roses hung heavy with dew.

Perfume, and night, and the wonderful woman held him spellbound, while the perfect lips told him a secret; a little story—a something that changed the current of his being.

The mad love of his youth—fought against, dead, buried, was in that hour revived into a sudden and vigorous life.

The woman he had loved and hated stood before him—tearful, spotless, a victim of uncontrollable circumstances.

A sufferer like himself—like himself, wronged, deceived, betrayed.

For his sake she had borne uncomplainingly the burden of unloving wifehood.

Reconciliation had been the dream of her widowhood, and he had met her with scorn almost insult.

The man cried out against fate in that hour.

This woman, who had been all the world to him in the old days of his honest youth, was more than that now.

In the flood of that terrible reaction he would have sacrificed honor, truth, life itself, for her, but she would have naught of him.

She had suffered, and in her heart and life suffering had wrought its perfect work of patience and contentment.

Now that she stood clean in his eyes her desire was accomplished.

No other woman's heart should bleed as hers had done—no other woman's life through her be belighted.

Beautiful dissembler!

Perhaps the sight of Marie might have been a safeguard to him in those days, but she was quite ill, confined to her room, and with the perversity of fate, steadily refused to see him, and meanwhile the evil love grew and flourished.

One evening he and the widow were alone in the room that opened out of a tiny conservatory.

He threw honor to the winds, and the woman, whether she would or no, was forced to hear burning words of passion and mad love, and in the midst of the resistless torrent of his woe the door opened and a man entered.

He was tall, massive, and grandly bearded — a Saxon giant, of herculean mould.

He took in the scene in a moment, and laughed.

"Oh Lura, Lura!

"Will you never have done with your folly?"

The woman turned.

A great light flamed into her face.

A sudden beauty flushed over it.

A smile like that might pave the way to death for any man, and he walk gladly in it.

"Oh, Roy, Roy!" she cried, and rushed to the stranger, flung her perfect arms about his neck.

"This is my husband," she cried, "my dear husband!"

She loved this man.

You could not look in her radiant face and doubt it.

"Mr. Raymond," said she, "I was only redressing old wrongs, and opening blinded eyes.

"Never think again to fight a woman with her own weapons.

"My husband and I will leave you now, to make your peace with your betrothed.

"She is in the conservatory.

"I made sure of that before I played this little farce."

The stranger struck off the clinging arms of his wife, and stepped to the side of the dazed unhappy man.

"I will not offer you my hand," said he, "because I know that you had much rather throttle me than grasp it.

"I cannot ask you to forgive my wife, for I know that she must have done you a great wrong.

"It is not the first time, it will most likely not be the last, and yet I love her.

"Suffer as you may, young man, you do not suffer alone."

Then he was gone, and his fair false wife followed.

Mechanically Harry stepped through the half-open door into the conservatory.

A bowed crushed figure leaned against a half-opened window.

A drooping golden head, a covered face.

That was the woman he had promised to love and cherish until death.

He could not speak.

Softly, and as though he touched the dead, he stooped, and kissed her bright hair and so he left her.

Early in the morning the married widow and her husband went away.

He breathed more freely, feeling that she was no longer under the same roof.

During the forenoon he received a message from Mrs. Devoll.

Marie desired to see him.

Like a culprit he went to the meeting.

He had no hope of a reconciliation.

Marie was too much of a woman to ever overlook the utter humiliation into which he had fallen.

She received him with a wan smile.

He hardly knew her, crimson-nosed watery-eyed, and swollen-faced, as she appeared.

"I told mamma this morning that it was my duty to see you," said she, in muffled tones.

"You must know before it is too late what a hideous being even a slight cold will make of me.

"I went downstairs last night, thinking to give you a pleasant surprise.

"I went into the conservatory, and the heat and perfume so overpowered me, that I opened a window, and like a careless girl, fell fast asleep beside it.

"Look at me, Harry! Look at me well.

"Do you think that your love could survive many such attacks?"

Marie had been asleep, actually asleep.

A great flood of gratitude rolled over his soul, as, with a rapturous cry of "My darling!" he caught her in his arms.

He covered her swollen face with passionate kisses of thankfulness and affection.

"What devotion" sighed Mrs. Devoll, whose own married life had been something of a mistake.

"Was ever girl so blessed?" thought Marie, little dreaming what that sleep had saved her, little knowing that the cold which she deplored was a blessing in disguise, for Harry, grateful and repentant, yet believed—"where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

THE SUN AND MOON.—Two very extravagant stories may be referred to as relating to the subterranean existence of the sun and moon during their absence from the sky. Four brothers once caught the moon and hung it upon some oak trees, and a quarter of the moon was buried with each brother as he died. When, therefore, in course of time the four quarters of the moon met in the under world they became reunited, and, shining as a complete moon, they raised the dead from their sleep; so that it became necessary to send St. Peter to replace the lost luminary in heaven. Here is a distinct trace of the moon's presence below the earth. The story of the sun from Servia is even more ridiculous. When the devils fell their King carried off the sun from heaven affixed to a lance. The archangel, St. Michael, was sent to try to recover it. He, therefore, made friends with the arch-fiend, and, on coming to a lake, proposed a bath. The sun, on its spear, having been fixed in the soil, the archangel suggested a trial in diving. But as soon as the devil had dived, St. Michael made the sign of the cross, and ran off with the sun as fast as he could; hotly pursued, however, in a moment by his enemy, who just contrived to scratch the foot of the retreating archangel as he returned to the place whence he came. It was for a consolation to the latter that all men afterward who should come into the world were destined to have indented soles. The sun in this story never actually arrived underground, but it is evident for what destination it was bound.

IN a city of 100,000 people there are 3,000 men who carry umbrellas and canes on their shoulders without reference to pedestrians. If a man kicks sixteen of these chaps per day, how long would it take to get around the last batch.

Bric-a-Brac.

"OLD" HUNDRED."—This tune was not composed by Martin Luther. The composer is unknown. It first appeared in the Calvanistic Psalter of 1563.

PATTI'S DOLL.—When Patti, the celebrated, first went upon the concert-stage, long ago, at the age of ten years, she always carried her doll with her. She could not sing without it. The doll still lives at a good old age at Patti's castle in Wales.

THE WAIST OF WOMAN.—The normal waist of a woman, which is oval in section, has a circumference of from twenty-eight inches to twenty-nine inches; the 'elegant' waist which is in section circular—the result of tight-lacing—has a circumference of twenty inches. The measurement of dressmakers' lay figures now varies from twenty-one inches to twenty-four inches.

A GOOD PLAN.—A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes," answered the Quaker, "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard. "Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it.

LOSING A DAY.—Chatham Island, lying off the east coast of New Zealand, in the south Pacific Ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the few habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just on the line of demarcation between dates. There high twelve on Sunday, or Sunday noon, ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday and it is Monday noon before he finishes it. There Saturday is Sunday and Sunday is Monday and Monday becomes suddenly transferred into Tuesday.

THE BIBLE.—What would you say of a man, who should throw away his compass, because he could not tell why it points to the north? or reject an accurate chart, because it did not delineate coasts with which he had no concern? What would you say of a man, who should reject all the best astronomical treatises, because they do not describe the inhabitants of the moon, and of the planets? And what would you say of a man, who, when sick of a mortal disease, should refuse an infallible remedy, because his physician would not first tell by what secret laws the remedy would take effect? Now, this is precisely the case of those who neglect the Bible, because it does not reveal the secret things which belong to God.

THE MISTLETOE.—To English folk the mistletoe is mostly regarded as a plant accorded special privileges at Christmas-tide; but in Germany they seem to make a wider if not a better, use of it, for an Alsace-Lorraine paper states that for more than thirty years past it has been the custom at Offenbach to collect all the mistletoe for miles around every winter for cattle-feeding purposes. Morning and evening a small bundle of it is given to the milch cows, which devour it greedily. It is said to increase the quantity and improve the quality of their milk, and to impart a rich yellow color to the butter made from their cream. Mistletoe growing on apple-trees is held to be acid and unsuitable for cows, but is given with advantage to sheep and goats.

POTTERY.—Modeling pottery is as delightful an occupation as making mud pies. The student, with a board on her lap or on a table, takes up a lump of clay and kneads it to a proper consistency with water. With a little leaf-shaped wooden knife she carves out a rose, and as each petal is shaped she takes a camel's hair brush and paints the whole flower, or rather what she calls slip—that is, water made the thickness of cream with clay. Iron pins are used for veining the leaves, and each bud and flower is copied from the natural objects placed before the artist. During all these processes the vase or article to be decorated must be kept moist. If it is too wet, it will melt away into clay; if too dry, it will crack and break in the firing, and when at last all the ornaments are attached, they are painted in natural colors, and the body of the vase receives its proper tint.

SIMON PURE.—This name which is often heard, is that of a Pennsylvania Quaker in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." Being about to visit London to attend the quarterly meeting of his sect, his friend Aminadab Holdfast sends a letter of recommendation and introduction to another Quaker, Obadiah Prim, a rigid and stern man, who is guardian of Anne Lovely a young lady worth £30,000. Colonel Feignwell, another character in the same play, who is enamoured of Miss Lovely and her handsome fortune, availing himself of an accidental discovery of Holdfast's letter and of its contents, succeeds in passing himself off on Prim as his expected visitor. The real Simon Pure, calling at Prim's house, is treated as an impostor, and is obliged to depart in order to hunt up witnesses who can testify to his identity. Meantime, Feignwell succeeds in getting from Prim a written and unconditional consent to his marriage with Anne. No sooner has he obtained possession of the document than Simon Pure reappears with his witnesses, and Prim discovers the trick that has been put upon him.

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.

Yes, I'm going to burn it. Her picture,
  Which, held in a dainty gilt frame,
Has been on my mantel a fixture,
  Goes under it, into the flame.
And one last farewell look I'm taking:
  If ever I loved her, 'tis o'er,
And yet, at my heart is an aching,
  To think I shall see this no more.

In this picture, how well I behold her.
  Her bright eyes and pretty, sweet face,
Her white arm and one dimpled shoulder
  Half lost in a soft cloud of lace;
The other plump shoulder just glancing
  Through rich chestnut tresses is seen,
By Jove! 'tis a vision entrancing!
  No wonder they call her "the queen."

And all the young fellows adore her—
  And some not so young, too, may be—
And he who has not knelt before her
  Is thought an eccentric. Ah, me!
It really seemed wicked and cruel,
  To make of this rare gem of art,
That once I so prized merely fuel;
  I turn the card o, er and my heart

Is steeled. There is written, "Thine ever,
  With love, Araminta." That line
Seals the doom of the picture. It never
  Must meet any eye, now, but mine.
So here goes the picture with sorrow,
  So ends one sweet dream of my life,
For I'm going to be married to-morrow,
  And that picture, if kept, might make strife.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—[CONTINUED.]

A WEEK or two passed, which were chiefly spent in receiving and returning the hospitality of the neighboring families, each and all of whom Madame Du Mottay set down as insupportable.

"Another week of this, my poor Brian," she said one morning at breakfast, "and I shall go and hang myself in the picture-gallery, opposite that young man who so resembles you, since it is to your obstinate determination to be an Englishman that I shall owe my untimely end.

"You will confess that this existence is not what you dreamed.

"My dear boy, let the place, sell it, do what you will, but let us get away again to France!"

But Brian succeeded in pacifying her once more.

"We hardly know these people yet," he said.

"It takes the English people so long to thaw."

"And in the meantime we must shiver," she said, "and our teeth must chatter in the vicinity of so many icebergs!"

Poor Florry yawned behind her cobweb of a pocket-handkerchief—yawned until the tears stood in her eyes.

"Well, I have promised.

"I will give you a week or two more, Brian."

It happened that on that very day, as the little lady was driving in her luxurious little pony carriage towards Marybridge, she met Ninon and Tiffany taking their daily walk together along the dull high-road.

Ninon turned as the carriage, with its splendidly-matched pair of bay ponies and its tiny groom sitting behind drew near—turned the lovely wistful face and unnaturally bright eyes, that, even under the shadow of her old Avranches hat, produced their usual impression on Florry Du Mottay's excitable little fancy.

"Miss Masserene," she cried, pulling in her ponies, and jumping out on her little high-heeled shoes.

"I must really shake hands with you!

"Do forgive me for introducing myself so unceremoniously.

"Your sister remembers me, I think.

"And, of course, it was of you that Lady Ingram and Quentin has written to me!"

Ninon flushed up brightly.

She had been ill, depressed, feverish for some weeks; the friendly little voice, the admiring face were almost too much for her just then.

But she answered Madame Du Mottay's appeal in her own inimitably pretty way, and completed the effect her beauty had begun.

"But it is scandalous!" said Mr. Beaufoy's sister.

"We have been here nearly a month, and I have never seen you until to-day.

"What have we all been about?

"You must come to me at once.

"Oh, but indeed I'll take no refusal!

"I'm dying for a woman to talk to.

"Jump in—jump in!

"Your sister will not mind walking home alone."

But Ninon explained, with a smile, that she could not leave her sister, that it would be necessary to obtain her step-mother's permission, that she rather thought they were engaged for that evening.

"Nonsense!" cried madame gaily.

"What engagements can any one have in Marybridge?

"But I tell you what: I will drive on to the Lodge, and ask Mrs. Masserene myself.

"She will not refuse me, I am sure.

"And, as it is late, you will come after luncheon instead, and stay for the home tea—say that you will.

"It will be a charity.

"Brian and I are all by ourselves.

"I will send the pony-carriage back for you.

"Oh, indeed and indeed I will take no denial!

"It will be a happiness to have anything so lovely to look at."

She jumped into the carriage again, with a flutter of pretty skirts and much display of pretty ankles in gaily embroidered stockings.

"Good-bye!" she cried gaily, as she drove away in a cloud of dust, leaving the sisters to look at each other in somewhat comical dismay.

Mrs. Masserene had on more than one occasion expressed her determination of giving Madame Du Mottay, on the first available opportunity, a piece of her mind.

Contrary to the poor woman's expectations she had not been included in one or two dinner-parties that had been given at the Priory, and her acquaintance with Ninon's haughty relatives had begun and ended with the two formal calls.

Little Tiffany trembled now for Madame Du Mottay's reception at her hands; but Ninon, with a somewhat bitter smile, reassured her.

"Don't be afraid," she said.

"Your mother will think that it is better late than never.

"We shall be made to go."

"But you would like to go, Ninon, surely?" said Tiffany, surprised.

"They are your people.

"It will be nice for you to know them, and to go sometimes to the Priory."

"If I were wise, I should never set my foot inside the gate again," returned her sister, shrugging her shoulders.

"What is the use of it?

"In a few months, at the outside, they will be gone, and my life will only seem more intolerable than ever."

"I know.

"I know how hard it is for you," declared little Tiff wistfully.

"But perhaps Madame Du Mottay may not be like Lady Ingram.

"And, if she asks you to go away with her, you must go.

"You must not mind me at all.

"Do you think I want you to stay in Marybridge and marry Mr. Molladew?"

Ninon broke into a wretched little laugh.

"I don't mind staying in Marybridge with you," she said.

"But I should certainly object to marry Mr. Molladew."

"Then make haste and marry some one else!" said Tiffany sagely.

"For I am sure that he and mother are putting their heads together about you."

"Your mother will give me a few weeks' grace now, I dare say," said Miss Masserene, with her melancholy smile—"now that Madame Du Mottay shows symptoms of taking us up."

"Us!" echoed Tiffany, laughing.

"You, you mean, Ninon!

"And—who knows?—perhaps my old dream will come true after all!

"Brian Beaufoy has come home at last, and the next thing he must do is to fall in love with you."

The little thing checked herself abruptly, surprised at the sudden scarlet flush that leaped into her sister's pale face at these words.

"Have I vexed you, Ninon?" she asked anxiously.

"Do you mind my little joke?"

Ninon laid a gentle hand on her sister's shoulder.

"No," she said kindly.

"Did you ever vex me in your life, little Tiff?"

"But"—hesitating—"a little joke that was harmless enough while Mr. Beaufoy was in Vienna might not be in quite such good taste that he is here in Marybridge, and that we are likely to meet him occasionally.

"So I think we will agree, dear, that we will not discuss his matrimonial intentions again."

"Very well," said Tiffany obediently.

Of course Ninon always knew best.

But in her heart of hearts the little thing thought that nothing was more probable or more suitable than that the master of the Priory should fall in love with her beautiful sister and that they should marry and live happy ever afterwards, like the prince and prince in a fairy tale.

As Ninon had produced, they found Mrs. Masserene in a flutter of gratification over Madame Du Mottay's visit.

She had promised at once that Ninon should spend the afternoon at the Priory.

She was even prepared with a suggestion that one of Miss Masserene's London toilettes should be unpacked for the occasion.

"Tiffany was asked, too," said Ninon quietly.

"We can both wear our clean white gowns.

"Anything else would be absurd and unsuitable to my position."

The inevitable wrangle followed.

Ninon persisted with some of her old cool determination.

Either Tiffany went too, or she herself would remain at home, and write an excuse to Madame Du Mottay.

Accordingly, when the pony carriage arrived, the sisters came downstairs dressed alike, in fresh muslin gowns, than which certainly nothing, not even Mr. Worth's ingenious confections, could have been more becoming to Ninon's brilliantly white complexion and shining blue eyes.

Some secret fever in her veins seemed to have heightened the girl's great beauty, so that even little Tiffany gazed at her lovely sister, thinking that she had never seen her look exactly like that before.

With an exultant gaze Mrs. Masserene watched them drive off.

"Ninon is looking uncommonly well," she decided.

"Who knows what may come of this visit?

"After all, it would be something to be connected with the Priory, even if one did not get much by it.

"Besides, if Ninon were to marry Mr. Beaufoy, she'd never be happy without Tiffany; and where Tiffany went I'd go too, or I'd know the reason why?"

CHAPTER XXII.

SINCE Ninon's last visit to the Priory—at the remembrance of which her cheeks began to burn—the aspect of the old place was entirely altered.

It was swept, garnished, trimmed; there were gaily-striped awnings over the windows, the terrace was bright with Indian rugs and Moorish pillows and every conceivable variety of softly-cushioned wicker-chairs.

Dogs were basking in the sun that beat down upon the pretty old house and its dazzling flower-beds; there was a look and a murmur of life in and about it that told at once of the presence of the master.

Instead of walking in by a window, or wandering at their pleasure through the cool dark hall, the young ladies were now received by an affable functionary in black and two imposing footmen in powder and plush.

Madame was in the garden, and would Miss Masserene excuse this unceremonious reception.

The affable person in black proceeded to lead the way, which the young ladies could so well have found unaided, had he but known it, to where, under the spreading velvet-dark boughs of the old cedars in the pleasaunce, Madame Du Mottay and her brother were awaiting their guests and whiling away the hot hours of the afternoon.

It seemed to Ninon, as they drew near, that the pretty scene under the trees swam before her eyes.

She was conscious of two figures, of two voices, and of little else besides the horrible, unreasoning, inexplicable throbbing of her own heart.

Florry had made herself a perfect little nest under the old cedars.

There were more black wicker-chairs, with embroidered cushions fastened with gay knots of satin ribbons—more Persian rugs on the smooth grass, which was strewn besides with French novels and English magazines and newspapers.

A striped curtain hung between two boughs and made a pleasant spot of shade.

A rustic table decked with art-embroidery, was covered with cups and saucers and dishes of magnificent fruit.

Beyond all this pretty medley of color stretched the brilliant old gardens and their flower-beds and fountains; behind it stood the sombre old house and its masses of ivy and jasmine and ruddy Virginia creeper.

Ninon put a hand on a chair near her to steady herself, and then she knew that Madame Du Mottay had jumped up to meet her, and that she was gaily presenting to her the tall dark man at her side, who had laid down his book and risen as the girls approached.

"You would rather be here than in the drawing-room, wouldn't you?" the little lady went on.

"It is so kind of you to come—and I cannot be so ungrateful as to treat you with any formality on such a hot afternoon.

"Brian, give Ninon—she is Ninon, do you understand, and not Miss Masserene—that chair near yours.

"Tiffany will sit by me and share my curtain; she has found the drive rather warm this sunny afternoon."

Indeed little Tiffany's face was as red as the reddest rose in the Priory garden, as much from shyness as from heat.

She did not quite know what she was doing near that French-looking little lady in the wonderful costume of ivory-colored Indian silk, and that splendid-looking man who was looking at her so pleasantly, and who presently got up from Ninon's side to come and talk to her.

It seemed indeed as if Miss Masserene had failed to create her usually unfailing impression on Mr. Beaufoy.

He certainly looked coldly enough on the young beauty about whom he had heard so much; and before long he left her side to put some good-natured questions to her plain little sister.

Did she like lawn-tennis?

Would she like to have a game presently when it grew cooler.

He smiled gently as he spoke.

Ninon found Mr. Beaufoy's evident indifference to act as a complete check to her own nervous agitation.

How utterly ridiculous she had been to dread this meeting—as though that cold dark man could have any knowledge of all her by-gone follies, or of the lofty pedestal on which she had involuntarily placed him in her imagination, merely because he happened to resemble a portrait which interested her greatly!

Yes, he was very like the picture of Denis Beaufoy before which, but a few weeks ago, all her defiance and her wild spirits had so lamentably broken down.

As he talked to little Tiff, the sarcastic expression seemed to have vanished from his smile, but there was the same look of a man who has lived every hour of his life, the same melancholy and yet keen dark eyes, the same low white brow that formed such an old contrast with his dark and sunburnt face, the same finely-cut lips and nostrils, the same straight dark hair.

While she looked at him half stealthily under the broad brim of her hat, her cousin Florry was chattering on volubly, and appealing to her for sympathy on the score of her terrible sufferings since she had consented to accompany her brother to England.

"I do not think I could ever be very unhappy at the Priory," returned Ninon smiling—"at least not in fine weather."

"Ah—exactly!

"But when it rains!

"And it rains a great deal in England—almost as much as in Brittany. But in England, at least, I escape my sister-in-law and their piano."

"Is it to that fact we owe pleasure of your visit?" asked Ninon, smiling again with such complete comprehension of the situation that Florry was charmed.

"My dear Ninon, we are kindred spirits," she cried.

"I knew it the moment I saw you.

"I knew it by the way in which you wore your hat, and by the set of your skirt, and your walk.

"Yes, my dear"—she broke into French. "How charming is the life of the family! I have five sisters-in-law, who play *'L'Invitation a la Valse,'* and who each practice an hour a day.

"Each summer my husband thinks it his duty to spend a month or two with his parents.

"Figure to yourself what an honor! In a house in a dull Breton square, with a cafe next door where the farmers get tipsy on cider every market-day, and a hotel over the way which is always filled with English tourists!

"My sister-in-law excepts me to interest myself in church decorations, in embroidering banners, in the Cercle Catholique, where I have even been compelled to play duets with Clemence, preliminary to a comedy played by shoemakers and carpenters.

"On Sundays I am invited to show Pingat's costumes on the place among the grocereese and the wives of the military. Oh, even the Priory is worth more than family-life in Brittany! Don't you agree with me?"

Ninon laughed, and answered in French, which procured another exclamation of delight from Florry.

"You were educated abroad?" she then cried.

"I had forgotten. Oh, Ninon, I must really kiss you!"—jumping up to suit the action to the word.

"Brian, do you know that our cousin talks French like a Parisian—that she is adorable in a word, in every way? Ninon"—as Brian having looked round for a moment out of politeness, resumed his conversation with shy little Tiffany—"let us talk hair-dressing.

"Let us talk theatres.

"Let us talk Paris.

"The very names of the streets would be refreshing in this solitude.

"Let us fancy ourselves driving out to the Bois, you and I, and, as we go, you shall tell me all about yourself—all about your season in London.

"Never mind Brian.

"Let him amuse your sister.

"Later I will resign you to him; but for the present you positively belong to me, and me only."

From time to time a gay word of their chatter, or a light laugh, floated over to Mr. Beaufoy's ears.

It was evident, he thought, that the beauty and his pretty spoiled little sister were indeed kindred spirits.

He found himself wondering how Miss Masserene came to have such a modest and sweet little sister as Tiffany, who sat blushing and answering his questions so very sensibly.

They got upon the subject of music after a while, and Tiff began, with much simplicity, to describe her difficulties in the acquirement of the art; how she had even thought it better to give up her beloved whistle, since her mother did not like the sound of it, and how very hard Ninon always tried to teach her what she knew.

"It is more than I should have given the beauty credit for," thought Mr. Beaufoy, as they answered Florry's summons to tea, which had been brought out to them by the butler and his satellites.

"Ninon is a darling—an angel!" declared madame Du Mottay, in her impetuous little way.

"She must come and stay with us. We will ask some nice people—we will fill the house.

"It is unheard of that a girl with such tastes and such a face as hers should remain in a place like Marybridge for life."

Tiffany's face brightened with unselfish pleasure.

"And Quentin must come back. What does he mean by forsaking us just when we have most need of him to prevent us all from cutting our throats some wet day?"

Ninon changed color at this first mention of Quentin's name; and then seeing that Mr. Beaufoy's eyes were fixed somewhat curiously on her face, she declared that she should like nothing better; that, if her step-mother would consent, she should be delighted to come and stay at the Priory.

A thought crossed her, as she spoke, of her own imprudence, of the danger to more than one person involved, of Dick——

"Bah!" she thought, resolutely putting the thought aside.

"Let me eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow I die, or marry—it is the same thing for me!"

Florry was in wild spirits over the prospect of some excitement.

"We will go through the house," she said "if you have finished your tea, Brian. We must show it to Ninon.

"The pictures are really very good.

"There is one"—she turned to Miss Masserene—"that is wonderfully like Brian. We noticed it on the very day we went through the gallery first. And some

romantic person had laid a huge bouquet of jasmine at his feet—Mrs. Burney did not know who.

"No one had been in the house except Quentin for weeks.

"W-as it not romantic?"

Ninon had been on the point of confessing that she knew the house very well, and of explaining how good Mrs. Burney had permitted her to avail herself of the books in the library; but, as Madame Du Mottay spoke, she resolved to say nothing.

It seemed to her that Mr. Beaufoy's eyes were fixed on her again; and it was with her head a little higher than usual that she walked back to the house at his side.

Madame Du Mottay had arranged it so.

She had not a word to say to Tiffany, and yawned frankly in her face; but she felt that she must no longer keep Brian from making the acquaintance of his beautiful cousin.

And so Ninon walked across the sunny sward in her white gown with Brian Beaufoy at her side, and felt like a woman walking in a dream.

"It will be very good of you to come as often as you can to see my sister," he began a little stiffly.

"She is not quite acclimatised yet, and she feels somewhat lonely.

Ninon bowed slightly.

Something in Mr. Beaufoy's manner was rousing in her much the same spirit of defiance as she had more than once been conscious of in presence of his ancestor's sarcastic smile.

She had come there that day feeling softened, humbled, penitent—she hardly knew why.

And now it seemed to her that the master of the Priory was bringing her to the bar on some silent intangible inquiry, that he was trying her and condemning her unheard, for she knew not what offense.

It was not only that he appeared to be not only unmoved by her beauty—a fact nevertheless which was sufficiently startling to the girl who had been accustomed to produce so different an effect on the men whom she met—it was that every tone of his voice and every careless look of his dark eyes seemed to express a distant disapproval, under which Ninon's haughty spirit revolted, in spite of certain secret twinges which told her that there were times when she herself would be the first to acknowledge herself deserving of that disapprobation.

"And your sister likes lawn-tennis," continued Mr. Beaufoy.

"I hope that it may be an inducement to her to come sometimes.

"She would have the music-room all to herself if she cared to practice."

"Ah, Tiffany has been confiding in you?" said Ninon coldly.

"A little.

"Pray where did she get her quaint little name?"

Was Mr. Beaufoy determined to prove that he found the plain little half-sister more interesting than the beautiful Miss Masserene herself?

Ninon's face and voice certainly expressed quite as great an indifference to his opinion as his could possibly convey to her own charms.

"It is an old name in my father's family," she answered.

"Did you never hear the old rhyme—

> "'William de Coulagsby
> Came out of Brittany
> With his wife Tiffany
> And her maid Maulfa
> And his dog Hardigras?'"

"Not that I remember."

"Well, it was my step-mother who gave my little sister her name, hoping, I believe, that she would grow up to resemble my father's family, who were considered very handsome."

"Tiffany's face is full of intelligence and sweetness," responded Mr. Beaufoy very coldly.

Was the beauty casting about already for a compliment?

"A woman can hardly ask for better gifts."

Ninon bowed again.

And again her heart swelled within her in bitter unavailing revolt.

What had she ever done to this man that he should have taken so evident a dislike to her at their first meeting?

"Why should he undertake to rebuke her for her very faces, which she could no more help than Tiffany could help hers?

"Come, good people!" cried Madame Du Mottay, who, with Tiffany, had now reached the terrace.

"We shall barely have time to look at the pictures before we dress for dinner."

They passed through the pretty old music-room—how well Ninon remembered the day she had stood dreaming before the old rococo mirror, and, turning, had seen Quentin standing in the doorway with a smile upon his face!

Something stirred in her heart at the remembrance, and at the remembrance of the young fellow's passionate delight in her companionship.

She thought that, if she had seen him so standing now, she would have rushed away from that hard cold man by whose side she walked, and joyfully have laid both hands in his.

And then she remembered that, when she had first seen him, she had been reading a letter which she had hastily thrust into her pocket—a letter from Dick.

The girl put her hand suddenly to her head and looked round the room with the pathetic gaze of some wild hunted creature.

For a few hours she had forgotten.

"Are you tired, Ninon?" asked Madame Du Mottay, as Brian held aside the embroidered curtain that divided the state drawing-room from the picture-gallery.

"You look so pale——"

"Oh, I am always pale!" said Ninon, smiling; and then, as she followed with Brian, Florry uttered a sudden exclamation, as Quentin had done her, and pointed to her with an eager appeal to Tiffany.

"Has one ever seen such a thing as that?" she demanded.

"It is the originals of two of the portraits come to life again!

"Look, Brian; can any one doubt after that that Ninon is our cousin?"

Mr. Beaufoy looked from the picture to the beautiful pale girl who stood beneath it, and his cold gaze softened.

She was so lovely, this young creature, and she looked so unhappy, it suddenly occured to him. In spite of her youth and her beauty.

"It is not I, certainly, who could wish to deny the relationship," he gravely said.

Ninon looked at him, and their eyes met for the first time.

Her breath came faster, but she broke into a laugh and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"It remains for me, then," she said, "to beg Mr. Beaufoy to accept me on my own merits, if he can discover any in me after so short an acquaintance, or not at all.

"Long since I adopted the Rohan motto—

"'I am Ninon.'"

"And to be Ninon is what many women would give the eyes of their head for, let me tell you!" declared Florry, with pretty enthusiasm.

Brian was silent.

Tiffany felt troubled.

Why was Ninon in one of her naughty moods just then?

Why did she not show herself to her new cousin as sweet and dear and charming as she really was?

"It is for my sake that Ninon has given up her family," she said, in an eager whisper, turning to Mr. Beaufoy.

"I could never tell any one all that she has been to me!

"And then she laughs at herself—I wish she would not—and people don't understand!"

Brian looked kindly at the eager little thing, and turned to Ninon again.

"Miss Masserene has certainly chosen a brave device for her shield," he said, with the same involuntary softening in his voice as had been apparent a moment or two before in his eyes.

"Oh, my shield is merely a fan," declared Ninon carelessly, "and compliments are the only lances ever broken against it!

"I hope Mr. Beaufoy will not crush me with any heavier weapon.

"It is hardly worth his while.

"A butterfly is so easily broken, and I should like to live out my little day, unhurt, if I can.

"A few hours of sunshine, a flutter of my wings, and then—who is the worse for the death of a thing so insignificant?"

"That is your ambition?" Mr. Beaufoy said coldly.

They were walking back now to the hall, and the other two were leading the way.

The momentary softness had disappeared from his voice.

"Oh"—the girl shrugged her shoulders—"pray don't dignify my feeble aspirations after a little amusement by any such grand name!

"I have no ambition, I assure you.

"I think at one time—a year ago—I wished for money.

"I am not even conscious of that desire at present.

"It is too much trouble to wish for anything."

"Why do you pretend to precocious boredom?" demanded her companion curtly.

The girl flushed, and drew up her slender throat.

"I mean exactly what I say.

"Why do you accuse me of insincerity?"

"Because"—Mr. Beaufoy spoke quite gravely—"to a girl with such gifts as yours the world should be a happy place enough."

"What honor!" answered Ninon frostily.

"Mr. Beaufoy condescends to break a lance with me!"

"I mean no compliment," he answered: and certainly he looked none.

"I was only stating a fact."

"But among my gifts"—the girl's lips parted with her sweet and melancholy smile—"there is one lacking.

"And what is that?"

"The power to be happy.

"It sounds affected to you perhaps.

"You fancy I am posing.

"Oh, how I wish I were!"

Brian looked at the exquisite face, half pensive, half ironical.

"You see," he said, not unkindly, "you are not quite the butterfly you pretend to be.

"With you wings, airy as they are, you have a soul as well, I am afraid."

"Oh, dear, no!"

Ninon's soul rebelled against the accent of pity she detected in the words.

"Why should you accuse me of anything so rococo?

"I have something that I call a heart—I am rather fond of Tiffany; but a soul—no!"

"It is your caprice for the moment to deny it, it appears.

"For my own part, I never can see the charm of making oneself out to be worse than one is."

"There is so seldom any need to do so!" said Ninon.

"And, on the other hand, what is the use of pretending to be better than one really is?

"One is sure to be found out one day or another.

"But really it seems to me we have exhausted the subject of my character, disposition—whatever you like to call it.

"I don't find it very interesting myself, and I am sure it must be less so to you.

"Pray let us talk about something else.

"About my brother then—Quentin?" said Mr. Beaufoy abruptly.

Ninon looked at him, rather startled.

"About Quentin?" she repeated.

"Certainly, if you wish.

"But what are we to say about him?" she asked.

"Need you ask that?

"I thought you saw a good deal of him while he stayed here?"

"But you have known him all your life," answered Ninon coolly.

"You can hardly care for my opinion of your brother?"

"Does one ever know Quentin?" demanded Quentin's brother, with a curious undertone of suppressed pain or irritation in his voice.

Ninon felt puzzled.

Had Brian not taken such pains to convince her of his extreme indifference she would almost have believed him jealous of her intimacy with Quentin.

But the idea was, of course, too fantastic.

She felt curious, eager.

"Why need we talk of him at all?" she asked, looking down.

There was a little pause, and then Brian said—

"I suppose it was *à propos* of butterflies that his name occurred to me."

"Oh" — Ninon smiled bitterly — "pray don't trouble yourself to talk down to my level!

"I confess that I found Quentin's society very agreeable.

"And"—drawing up her throat again—"he had nothing but good words for Mr. Beaufoy in his absence."

The color rose in Brian Beaufoy's dark face.

"Do you think I should not be pleased to have only good words to say of him?" he asked curtly.

"It is always a thankful task to do what one believes to be honest in such a case, and ——"

"Tell me nothing of Quentin," interposed Ninon as curtly.

"He made no special pretence to being virtuous, as far as I can remember.

"I certainly had no right to demand from him a certificate of his good behavior in the past.

"We amused ourselves in the sunshine for a while, as butterflies do, and, now that he is gone, Marybridge seems even duller than usual.

"What more need be said?"

"Nothing, certainly," said Mr. Beaufoy coldly, "if it is in that spirit you take my words."

And in absolute silence the two walked on until they reached the hall, where Madam Du Mottay and Tiffany were awaiting them.

The pony-carriage was at the door; a gardener was waiting with a huge bouquet of hot-house flowers.

"I let you go very reluctantly," declared Florry, kissing Ninon in her airy way on both cheeks.

"But I am coming to-morrow to see Mrs. Masserene.

"You must positively come and stay with me for the rest of the time at the Priory.

"If you cannot both be spared"—this by an obvious after-thought—"I shall hope for Tiffany later on.

Ninon declared gaily that she desired nothing better.

"You will not be dull," declared Madame Du Mottay.

"Quentin must come down; and we will ask all the youngest and least toy of our neighbors; we will amuse ourselves by hook or by crook.

"I will give a ball.

"I will do what you please."

Ninon felt that Brian's eyes turned to her again at the mention of Quentin's name.

The faintest, most inscrutable of smiles hovered over her delicate lips.

"That will be charming," she said, ignoring Mr. Beaufoy's proffered hand as she got into the little carriage.

"Quentin will help us to commit a hundred follies, no doubt.

"He is delightfully devoid of commonsense."

Brian began somewhat hurriedly to talk to little Tiff on the other side of the carriage.

It was not clear whether he had heard Miss Masserene's little speech or not.

He stood and watched the sisters drive away with a somewhat disturbed look on his face.

"Now what did I tell you?" declared Florry.

"Is she not lovely?

"Did you ever see such a beauty in all your life?"

"She is certainly remarkably handsome," returned her brother, with indifference.

"Handsome!" echoed Madame Du Mottay scornfully.

"What a frigid—what an English word to apply to that creature of fire and snow, of passion and sadness and daring!

"Ninon Masserene is simply the most delicious and original woman I know.

"What is she doing here?

"By what crooked fate is she left to wither away in such an out-of-the-way corner of the earth, when she ought to be reigning in London or Paris and creating a sensation with her face?"

"I don't see the necessity for that," answered Brian coldly.

"Because a woman has a beautiful face why must she carry it to the market-places of the world?

"That girl was meant for better things; but her reputation as a beauty has ruined her.

"I think I never saw anyone so unhappy."

"Unhappy!

"I should think so," cried the little lady with energy.

"Living in Marybridge with that impossible step-mother, and wearing a last year's gown that cost five cents the yard!

"Of course she is unhappy!

"And why should not she carry her face to market?

"Let the ugly women stay at home.

"Such creatures as she were meant to shine and dazzle and set the world wild; we should all like to do the same if we were able."

"You are enthusiastic, my dear child!" responded Mr. Beaufoy, still coldly.

"Who would have believed that you would be so anxious to have a rival near the throne of your little world in Paris?"

"A rival!" echoed Florry, with supreme disdain.

"How stupid men are!

"As if there could ever be a question of rivalry between poor little me and that superb creature!

"I have my own small prettiness, of course, and I know how to dress and to flirt and chatter, and my dear old Gaston allows me to amuse myself at the top of my bent; but Ninon—Ninon is fit to be a duchess!

"I tell you it goes to my heart to see her here with that look on her bright face, Brian.

"What right, do you suppose, has she to look like that, when she is scarcely twenty years of age?"

"Who is to answer for a girl's idle longings for she knows not what—her vague and senseless discontent with any but the lot that is beyond her reach?

"Why should one trouble oneself about Miss Masserene?

"It seems to me she is perfectly capable of taking care of herself."

Little Florry turned and looked curiously at her brother as they went back into the house.

"Why do you speak so bitterly about her, Brian?" she said.

"One would think you were angry with her for her beauty."

"I confess to a distaste for charms that are so universally recognised.

"A man likes to be able to discover a woman's loveliness for himself.

"Miss Masserene is too self-conscious.

"She could not well be otherwise."

"She is *far* too undeniably beautiful, on the contrary, to be self-conscious in the very least.

"Oh, do not talk of her at all, Brian, pray, if you can only talk like that!"

Brian smiled coldly.

"I have no desire to continue the discussion," he said.

"If it were not for Quentin's engagement," his sister went on regretfully, "how he could appreciate a girl like that!

"I would have married them in six months and carried her off with me to Paris."

"It is a pity he is not free to prove his appreciation in so honorable a fashion," responded Mr. Beaufoy drily.

"It is you who must marry her," declared Florrie earnestly.

"You wanted an English wife; and where could you find one lovelier?"

"Florry," said her brother sternly.

"You know how I hate such a manner of dealing with any woman's name.

"Miss Masserene, believe me, would be as reluctant as myself to perpetrate any such madness.

"You will oblige me by not returning to the subject.

"And, as for Quentin——"

He checked himself abruptly.

"Well, as for Quentin?" asked Madame Du Mottay.

"I remember he raved a good deal about her in his first few letters from Marybridge; but after that we heard no more.

"I suppose, after all, he would not willingly give up Marcelle de Feroday, in spite of all his pretended reluctance to marry."

"I suppose not."

Florry Du Mottay uttered a little exclamation of anger.

"Brian," she said pettishly, "I should like to give you a good shaking!

"If you don't care about Ninon's fate, you might show some in Quentin's.

"Suppose he has fallen in love with her?

"I think it quite probable," with some quiet bitterness.

"And she with him?

"Good Heaven, I never thought of that!

"Perhaps that is the cause of the poor girl's depression."

"Why need you meddle in such a matter at all?" demanded her brother.

"Meddle!

"These men!

"Why, of course, if any such thing were the case, it would be excessively foolish to bring Quentin and Ninon together again.

"There is no use in leading him into temptation."

"Quentin can take care of himself, surely."

"And Ninon?"

"I think Ninon"—the name was spoken with a visible effort—"would not thank you for depriving her of an agreeable companion, or for interfering in the smallest degree with her caprice and desires.

"In Heaven's name, let them both alone!

"It is evident they thoroughly understand each other."

Mr. Beaufoy walked out of the room as he spoke, leaving his sister not a little puzzled by his unusual harshness.

"Would not one think," she said to herself, unconsciously repeating the idea that for an instant had flashed across Ninon's incredulous brain, "that he was jealous of Quentin's friendship with her?

"And yet he professes to have taken a dislike to her at first sight!

"But there never was any understanding Brian where women were concerned!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "A WEAK WOMAN," "RED RIDING-HOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

"OH, Lady Blanchmayne," he returned, with gentle reproach, "when I still think so well of you!"

"Sir Richard couldn't bear you," broke in Baby, with a pretty laugh.

"He used to say you were such a spendthrift, that, if he left you the fortune, you would spend it in one gulp; didn't he, mamma?"

"My dear!"

"Lady Blanchmayne frowned and nodded.

"Be more guarded in your expressions, I beg of you.

"I must do Sir Richard the justice to say, Major, that, in spite of his opinion, he was often good enough to pity you for your hopeless devotion to him.

"Though, as he was aware you were counting on this inheritance to pay your debts, I think he must have pitied your creditors even more."

"And now, you see," put in the irrepressible Baby again, "it is our debts, and not yours, that will be paid.

"Mamma says Sir Richard has left me all the money."

"Delicious candour!" said the Major, laughing.

"My dear child," cried Lady Blanchmayne, her sallow cheek gaining a touch of color, "pray go and ask Spicer for my fan.

"Perhaps I may have left it in the carriage."

"No, mamma," answered Baby; "there it is, hanging from your chatelaine."

"Yes, yes—I mean my handkerchief."

"Oh!" Baby opened her forget-me-not eyes.

"You mean that I am to go out of the room; don't you, mamma?

"I don't mind in the least now that the Major has come."

"No, no, pray do not go, Miss Blanchmayne," urged Major Whyte, in great amusement.

"In a moment or two, doubtless, our good friend Smylie will be here with our destinies under his arm.

"Yes, I hear a carriage.

"Here he comes, sure enough! Our agony will soon be over."

As Mr. Smylie entered by the door, the young man who had been smoking in the hammock came in by the open window.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," said the little lawyer, briskly rubbing his hands.

"Glad to see you all so punctual,"

"The meeting is now complete, I believe?" said Lady Blanchmayne.

"Not quite, your ladyship—not quite.

"For whom are we waiting?"

"Lady Blanchmayne and Major Whyte exchanged uneasy glances.

"Was there an unknown rival in the field?

"For one or two people I have been compelled to summon in accordance with my late client's express desire.

"If they are not here however on the stroke of twelve I shall proceed to read the will without them."

"Why, it is noon already!" asserted Major Whyte, with impatience.

The old lawyer smiled.

"I think not—I think not, Major Whyte. It wants three minutes by my watch."

At that moment, a sound of voices and the angry bark of a dog were heard from the gallery outside.

"It is our friends arriving, no doubt," added Mr. Smylie.

"And they are in good time.

"In good time!

"It still wants three-quarters of a minute to twelve."

As he spoke, old Withers the butler opened the door, and it was seen that he was remonstrating with Jack Beamish, who headed the new arrivals, with his old wolfhound at his heels.

"I am very sorry, sir," Withers was saying, with great dignity: "but dogs are not allowed in the drawing-room."

"I dare say not," returned the artist; "but I should like to keep my eye on him.

"He'll lie under my chair and disturb nobody."

"I presume," said Lady Blanchmayne stiffly, "that these are the 'few people,' Mr. Smylie, who have done us the honor to keep us waiting?"

"Quite right, Lady Blanchmayne—quite right."

"And is this gentleman's dog mentioned in the will, may I venture to inquire?" added Major Whyte, in his languid way.

"I believe not, Major Whyte—I believe not."

"Then in that case we will dispense with his society.

"Withers, take that brute away."

"You hear that, my poor old Van?" said Jack.

"No admission here except on business.

"You go and wait for us outside—I shan't be long—and none of your nonsense now; do you hear?"

The old dog went off with a reluctant growl.

"Oh, look, mamma!" cried Baby, as Madge and followed Beamish into the drawing-room and took the seats which old Withers had placed for them.

"These are the people who live up so high in London, and told us the story about Sir Richard; aren't they, mamma?"

Lady Blanchmayne put up her eyeglasses.

"I believe they are really!" she replied.

"Yes, I recognise the person who sold me the music."

"You actually know these queer people, Miss Blanchmayne?" drawled Bertie Ffolliott, who was leaning on the back of the pretty girl's chair.

"Oh, yes!

"Don't we, mamma?

"We went to see them in such a funny little room under the roof, where there was a piano and pictures and things; and the dog growled outside the door and wanted to bite Jenkins's ankles; didn't he, mamma?"

Bertie put up his eyeglass and took a leisurely stare at Madge.

"Not a bad-looking girl," he decided, "if she were decently dressed.

"And, now I look again, she's positively pretty!"

"Oh, sweetly pretty!" cried Baby, her fair face clouding over.

"Only I don't like her style.

"And she's quite plain when you come close to her: isn't she, mamma?"

"My little composer, as I live!" ejaculated Major Whyte.

"Good morning, Mr.—er—Blake.

"This meeting is an unexpected pleasure really!

"I trust you have not repented of your liberality with regard to the music?"

Noel drew his handsome young figure up to its highest extent.

"I am here, sir," he answered, "by the lawyer's request; and I shall endeavor to make my intrusion as brief as possible."

"Very sensible.

"And your friend in velveteen—is he also concluded in Mr. Smylie's invitation?"

"My friend can answer for himself," retorted Noel; while Madge, who had been listening in amusement, wondered if that was the way in which ladies and gentlemen of the great world always behaved.

"Poor child!" said Jack to his little maid.

"You are very tired, arn't you?

"And your pretty hair is all covered with dust!"

"Oh, never mind, Jack!"—brightening as she always did when he spoke.

"The walk was very hot and tiresome certainly; but, as soon as this business is over, we can go back to the inn in the village and have dinner in that little room overlooking the river."

"To be sure; and I'll stand a bottle of Burgundy.

"I say, Noel!"—he turned round; but Noel was gone.

"Bless the boy, if he is not making up to her ladyship!

"He takes to fine company like a duck to water!"

"Now, Jack!" cried Madge in a reproachful whisper.

"No doubt he is talking about his music. Look!

"There is that pretty girl who came to the studio the other day."

"What are we waiting for now, Mr. Smylie?" demanded Lady Blanchmayne curtly.

"Nothing—nothing more, I believe. Pray be seated, ladies and gentlemen."

The lawyer had his papers all ready. A perfect silence fell upon the room.

Sir Richard Gaunt's eccentric will proved a nine days' wonder in Blounborough, and indeed throughout the whole county.

For it was found that, with the exception of a few legacies—notably of a thousand pounds to Jack Beamish—the whole of his fortune and the estate had been left to an unknown composer, Noel Blake by name.

"Music has been the one passion of my life," the will ran; "and, as I have recognized in this young man a very exceptional genius, I desire to give to that genius the ease and leisure necessary to its complete development."

Noel heard the words indistinctly through a rushing and singing in the head that nearly deafened him.

"Jack—Madge," he said wildly, "it is a dream?"

"It is your favorite dream realised, old man!" cried Jack, as he delightedly wrung his friend's hand.

"You wished for money, and by George, you've got it!"

"Thirty thousand a year!" gasped the lad.

"That is what the paper said—thirty thousand a year!"

"No more lessons, no more drudgery!" cried Jack.

"What a glorious career is before you! You will give the world a second Mozart! And this splendid place to live in, the house where we were so scornfully received only an hour ago!

"Ah"—in great exultation—"it is our turn to laugh now!

"Look at them how they are whispering and staring!"

Madge stood pale and trembling.

Her lover did not seem to notice her agitation.

It was Jack who gently put her back into her chair and whispered a few reassuring words.

"To think," he said, "that my little girl is to be a fine lady and to walk in silk attire for the rest of her life!

"Well, Heaven bless her and her husband, say I!"

Madge could only answer with her tears. And at that moment Withers, the white-haired butler, appeared to announce luncheon.

"Oh, you are the butler!" said Noel, trying to appear composed.

"You will see, if you please, that——"

"Noel," said Madge, in a broken whisper, "you won't be angry with me?"

"Angry my dear Madge!" returned the hero of the hour, with rather patronising kindness.

"Certainly not.

"What do you mean?"

"I am going to ask a favor.

"I want you, as it is to Jack we owe our happiness, and in return for his many sacrifices, to ask him to give the first order in our new home."

Noel colored.

"Well," he said, "the servants will naturally look to me for instructions.

"But, since you wish it, my dear cousin, and for this once——"

"He turned and spoke a few hurried words to Withers, who, with much deference, went up to Jack.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked, with an old-fashioned bow.

"For me?" cried Jack, surprised.

"Yes, dear old boy!" returned Noel, with the same faint ring of condescension in his voice.

"I wish you to give the first order in my—in our new home."

"Oh!" said Jack; and, putting his hands into his pockets, he looked triumphantly at Lady Blanchmayne and Major Whyte, who were regarding the scene with haggard eyes.

"Be so kind as to send in my dog," he added quietly.

* * * * * *

Noel had explained to Jack and Madge that the least he could do was to offer Lady Blanchmayne and the other disappointed relatives the hospitality of Woodsdown for a few days.

And it soon became apparent that they were in no hurry to take their departure.

"Are we to be favored much longer with the society of your swell friends?"

"Beamish asked one day, at least a month after the reading of the will, by which time the household from London were fairly established in their new and splendid abode.

"I hope so," said Noel curtly.

"I forgot to mention that Lady Blanchmayne, on hearing that we have no female relatives, has kindly proposed to remain at Woodsdown until the wedding as chaperon to Madge."

"Chaperon to Madge!" echoed Jack, amazed.

"Why, what harm could come to our girl with that jolly old housekeeper to look after her?

"I am sure Mrs. Rennet is respectable enough and fat enough to frighten away a whole regiment of dragoons."

"You don't understand!" cried Noel impatiently.

"People who live in society must conform to its rules."

"In society!

"Ah, to be sure!" responded Jack drily. "I forgot that you had the honor of dining of the Duchess of What-d'y'e-call-it's the other day."

"An honor which I owe to Lady Blanchmayne," said Noel, with secret exultation. "Thanks to her influence, I hope we shall get into the best set in the county, and I believe that the Duchess may be induced to attend my first garden-party next week."

"Life can have nothing better in store after that," remarked Beamish gravely. "And the Major.

"Is his company necessary also to the respectability of our house?"

"Major Whyte remains at my request," answered Noel coldly.

"Is there anything else you would like to ask?"

He was sauntering off to his beloved painting-room when Noel irritably called to him.

"Look here, Jack: do you intend to wear that suit of clothes for the rest of your life?"

Jack looked down, surprised; at his well-worn coat, with which he himself was perfectly contented.

"I'm afraid not," he said good-temperedly.

"I shall have to think of ordering another in a year or so."

"Can't you see that Lady Blanchmanye is always making a butt of you?

"Your manner of dressing is highly unsuitable.

"It is worse than that.

"It is positively indecent."

"Indecent!" echoed Jack, with a laugh. "May I ask in what way I offend her ladyship's fine modesty?"

"Even the very servants——"

"Oh," said Jack grimly, "your servants object to my old shooting-jacket, do they? What a heart-rending idea!"

"How can they be supposed to respect a man who wears such clothes?"

"By Jove, it's lucky for me they see me occasionally in the society of such a swell as their master!

"Is that suit your own idea?"

Noel uttered an impatient exclamation. He was very much in earnest.

"Jack's jesting tone offended him.

"Whose else should it be?" he asked.

"Waistcoat and all?

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Jack gravely.

"I'll order one just like it for you, if you'll wear it," declared Noel, with some eagerness.

"No, no," protested Jack.

"Spare me, I implore!"

"Have it your own way"—sullenly.

"I might have known that my wishes would not have much weight with you.

"And, by the way"—the young man paused on his way to the drawing-room, whence the sounds of Baby Blanchmayne's music were now to be heard—"I wish you'd look after that dog of yours a little bother."

"What dog?" asked Beamish abruptly.

"Van, of course!

"You know very well Lady Blanchmayne found him on the sofa in her boudoir to-day, and she had work to drive him off it."

Jack laughed a little bitterly.

"Poor old Van!" he said.

"He thinks he is still in the old garret at home, where the furniture was not too fine to be used."

"He'd be just as well off in the stables here," suggested the master of Woodsdown.

"I dare say"—curtly.

"But he'd be putting on airs if he mixed much with your servants.

"However, for the future I will try to keep him in my own rooms."

But it seemed from that day a sense of estrangement began to grow between the two friends, and, worse still, between Madge and her lover.

Little Madge had resolutely shut her eyes to Noel's marked attentions to Miss Blanchmayne, who was being thrown very resolutely at his head by her mother.

Baby was still as much in love with Bertie Ffolliott as was possible to her shallow nature; as the young man was a guest at a neighboring country-house, they met frequently.

But Baby was a baby indeed in the clever hands of Lady Blanchmayne, and was not permitted to have a will of her own.

Madge, with womanly instinct, had long since seen the true state of affairs, felt nothing but pity for the pretty foolish child, and renewed all her dislike for the manœuvring mother.

And she did her best to make excuses for her recreant lover.

In her own sweet humility, she was ready to acknowledge that she, poor little Madge, who had mended the stockings and helped to cook the dinner in the old happy days, was no longer a fit match for the owner of Woodstown, and had even timidly hinted as much to Noel one day, when, as rarely happened, they were alone together.

Possibly Noel's conscience smote him a little, for he would not hear a word.

And it was not until the day appointed for the garden-party, which the Duchess of Battleton was to be induced to attend, that matters came to a crisis.

Poor Baby, as soon as she was dressed, had been sent by her mother into the garden, where, as she understood, she was to meet Mr. Blake accidentally and to hold him in converse until relieved by Lady Blanchmayne.

As she was crossing the lawn she saw Noel coming towards her from the glass-houses, bearing a magnificent bouquet in his hand.

"Miss Blanchmayne," he said eagerly.

"And dressed so early!

"This is a delightful surprise!"

"That is what mamma did it for," responded Baby.

"My maid ran the pins into me dreadfully, so that I should be in time to meet you before the others.

"And then I came out here quite by accident, you know."

"And what a charming toilette!

"I am afraid you have laid yourself open to a great many unavoidable remarks from my fair guests to-day.

"A woman may forgive another for being better dressed."

"Oh, you do like my dress then?" said Baby, who was looking about her as she spoke, and who appeared the picture of innocent misery.

"It would have been an awful waste of money if you had not.

"Mamma said that she might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb; and that, as Madame Elise's bill is so long already, one more item could not make much difference—could it, Mr. Blake?"

Noel took no notice of these artless confidences.

"I have ventured to bring you a bouquet," he said, which I think will harmonize with your toilette."

"Oh, thank you!" returned Baby indifferently, holding out her hand.

"And if, in return," Noel said, his voice sinking, "I dare ask you to give me one?"

"I should have to do it, of course," she said, her poor weary forget-me-not eyes still anxiously watching the gardens.

"Mamma would make me."

"Then grant me that rose which you have worn for an hour, and I will keep it and treasure it for life."

"This?"

She took it from her belt.

"Here it is."

Noel took it rapturously, and would probably have kissed Miss Blanchmayne's tightly-gloved hand if at that moment poor old Jack had not, awkwardly enough, appeared through the thick-leaved trees.

"Confound it!" thought Noel.

"And hang it!" thought Jack.

"I could have sworn he was kissing that girl's hand!"

"Oh, here is Mr. Beamish!" cried Baby, with an air of relief.

"I suppose I may go now; mayn't I, Mr. Blake?

"Mamma only told me to talk to you.

"She did not say I was to amuse Mr. Beamish."

"And yet, Miss Blanchmayne," answered Jack, coolly. "You do, mightily."

But Baby was already gone.

"Well, old fellow," said Jack, "you deserve a medal from the Humane Society, and no mistake!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your daily efforts to rescue that poor little brainless girl for a time from mamma's terrible clutches can only be prompted by the sublimest heroism on your part."

Noel colored.

"I find Miss Blanchmayne very agreeable," he said stiffly.

"She may not be particularly clever."

"No," said Jack drily.

"But she is a lady born and bred.

"It would do Madge no harm, let me tell you, if she had a little of Miss Blanchmayne's refinement."

"Nor Miss Blanchmayne," retorted Jack, his mouth setting ominously, "if she had a little—a very little—of Madge's sweetness and intelligence."

There is no knowing what Noel might have answered if at that moment Madge had not appeared, with her hands full of flowers which the head-gardener had just cut for her, and with which she meant to complete her simple costume of white muslin.

All Noel's suppressed irritation found vent at the sight of his sweet-faced cousin.

"As usual, Madge," he said, "wandering about by yourself.

"I wish you would learn to be less independent.

"Why could you not have taken a quiet stroll with Miss Blanchmayne, as other young ladies do?

"What will people think if they see you running wild about the place like this?"

Madge looked like a scolded child, the attack was so unexpected.

"What could they think," asked old Jack, coming to the rescue, "but that her lungs and limbs are in excellent condition?"

"I did mean to ask Miss Blanchmayne to go with me, dear," faltered the girl, "but I saw you talking together as I crossed the garden, and——"

She was about to put a rose in his buttonhole, but paused.

"You have a rose already, I see," she said.

Noel made an impatient movement, and Madge's flower fell to the ground.

"What has that to do with the question?" he said.

"Here it is close upon the hour for those people to arrive, and you are not dressed yet."

Madge made a little face of comical distress.

"Now, do you hear that, Jack?" she asked.

"And I in all the glory of my freshest muslin gown.

"Not dressed indeed!

"What more do you want, sir, I should like to know?"

Jack watched her in silence.

"Brave little heart!" he thought.

Unseen, he stooped and picked up the fallen flower and wiped the petals as he put it into his coat.

"Well," he said aloud, "I'll go and have a quiet weed by way of bracing myself for my plunge into society!"—with which he walked off and left the lovers alone.

"Upon my word, Madge" continued Noel, still, for some unexplained cause, appearing a good deal put out.

"I do think you might show a little more regard for appearances."

Madge sighed.

"I am sorry, dear," she replied.

"I did my best.

"But I am afraid, if I were as smart as Miss Blanchmayne herself, I should still be out of place among all these fine people."

"Why do you talk like that?" cried Noel, irritably.

"And why do you look so very miserable?"

"I am not miserable, dear, indeed!"—trying to smile.

"Yes, you are.

"You have been as mute as a mouse for days, and kept us all at a distance."

"Perhaps, Noel"—gently—"it is you who leave me at a distance."

"Oh, of course!

"Of course it is I who am to blame!" cried the young man angrily.

"My dear Madge, you can surely understand the necessity of my making some friends for myself."

"Have we not got friends already?" asked his cousin sadly.

"Why should you not send for our old companions to share our good fortune?

"I wish poor Warrington and his wife were here for a time. The country air would set him up again, poor fellow!"

"This is all beside the question," returned Noel impatiently.

"We were talking of Lady Blanchmayne and her daughter; and I repeat that I wish you would show a little more anxiety to profit by their companionship."

"I feel ill at ease with them, dear," pleaded the girl, her sweet gray eyes filling with tears that would no longer be kept back.

"And, besides, I like to keep Jack company.

"He is so lonely here!"

"Oh, Jack!"

Noel shrugged his shoulders.

"Let Jack growl in his corner like a great bear if he chooses.

"But you cannot do better than take advantage of Lady Blanchmayne's and Miss Blanchmayne's kindness to adopt something of their ease and grace of manner."

"You think me shy and awkward, I am afraid?" said Madge tremulously.

"A little, I confess.

"It is not your fault, but——"

"You did not think so once"—swallowing her tears.

"Perhaps not," admitted Noel, less coldly.

"But your position has changed since then.

"Let me see that you make some attempt to adapt yourself to the change."

"Ah, Noel, I shall never do that!

"The poor little orphan who knocked at your father's door one winter day, with her little bundle under her arm, will never make a fine lady."

"You are a foolish child!" cried Noel impatiently.

"Luckily I have common-sense enough for both of us.

"Are you going?"

"Yes."

Madge could no longer repress her tears.

"I am not well; I——"

The child almost ran, in her distress, into the arms of Major Whyte, who elaborately raised his hat as she passed by.

"I hope it is not I who drove Miss Hesketh away?" he said languidly.

"I am afraid I have not the honor of pleasing your cousin, my dear Blake.

"By the way, there is nothing serious in this engagement between you, I trust?

"Forgive the seeming impertinence; but I am interested in you, and I think it only the duty of a friend to remind you that, though you were at perfect liberty to marry 'for love,' as people say, while you were a struggling musician, a man in your present position owes a certain duty to society, and is not justified in throwing himself away."

"Not if he has given his word?" said Noel uneasily.

"My dear fellow," pursued the Major, "I understand your feelings thoroughly.

"It is not love for your cousin which induces you to bind yourself to the fulfilment of a thoughtless promise, but a feeling of false delicacy, which is, of course, highly creditable to you, and so forth, but is at the same time, in my opinion, wholly thrown away.

Noel looked piqued.

"No," he said quickly; "there you are wrong.

"I believe Madge to be devotedly attached to me; and I feel sure that any rupture between us would break her heart."

"If young ladies have any nowadays!" and the Major smiled.

"No, my dear fellow.

"Take my advice, and put an end to this entanglement at once.

"Make your cousin a present of a nice little wedding-portion with which to bless some fortunate fellow later on, and you may if you play your cards well, marry Lady Blanchmayne's daughter before the year is out."

Noel did not answer for some moments.

Then he said abruptly, and flushing:

"But Miss Blanchmayne's affections appear to me to be already engaged."

"Mere girlish folly! The little thing is pretty, and a trifle silly, you will add.

"But what of that?

"In giving you her hand she will raise you to her own level, and, as her husband, you will be accepted by the best people in the county.

"Think it over, my boy, think it over!

"Oh, here is Mr. Beamish!" added the Major.

"I am in no mood just now for his peculiar style of pleasantries.

"Think over what I have said, my dear boy!"

"Noel," said Jack, "perhaps you will be interested in the fact that my veneration for your Duchess has prevented me from smoking once to-day. My mouth is as fresh as a rose. I shall have the butterflies lighting on my moustache by mistake."

"Thank Heaven, you are getting a little more civilized!" cried Noel.

"But hush!—here comes the first of the guests, I believe!"—as a white dress was seen approaching through the trees.

"I must go back to the house. But no"—his eager tone changed to one of disappointment. "It is only Madge."

"Only," echoed Jack—"only Madge!

"Bless the child, how pretty she does look in her white finery!"

It was Madge, sure enough, but Madge transformed into a fashionable young lady as elegantly dressed as Miss Blanchmayne herself, and bearing in her white-gloved hands a gorgeous bouquet of white hot-house flowers in a lace paper.

She ran up to Noel delightedly and put her hands, bouquet and all, into his.

Her sweet gray eyes were lit up, her lips quivering with happy smiles.

"Oh, you dreadful impostor!" she said gaily. "Now I know the meaning of the long scolding you gave me this morning. It made me a little bit unhappy at the time—I don't mind confessing that now—and I ran away to have a good cry in my own room. But there the first thing I saw was my beautiful new gown spread out on the bed, bouquet and all, and Mrs. Rennet, beaming with smiles, ready to dress me. Look, Jack!" She turned round, holding her pretty white skirts with the tips of her little fingers. "Did you ever see anything in such perfect taste?"

"I don't understand," said Noel, embarrassed.

"Oh, of course not!" called Madge gaily. "But you are not going to deceive me again, sir, I can tell you. Dear, dear Noel"—the little thing's voice sank to a tender whisper—"you have made me so proud and so glad! You don't know, I cannot tell you, all that your thoughtful kindness means to me just now.

"I was beginning to think that——"

"There is some mistake," said Noel. "Of course I should have been very glad to provide you with a dress if I had known you required one; but, to tell you the truth, it did not occur to me."

Madge drew back, wounded and surprised.

"Then the dress is not a present from you, Noel?" she asked.

"I know nothing about it really," he answered sulkily.

The girl's radiant face fell.

"And I was so happy!" she said, in a low voice.

Suddenly her eyes lit on Jack, who had gone off to inspect some plant, in order not to be in the way. He was whistling with elaborate carelessness, and pursuing his botanical studies very intently, to all appearance. Madge went straight to him, and put both her hands in his.

"Thank you, Jack," she said, in a voice choked with emotion. "Forgive me, for not understanding sooner. I ought to have known."

"What is all this, Madge?" cried Jack, immensely moved. "Tears! Why all the dresses in Paris are not worth such thanks as these. It is just as Noel says, he had not time to think of it, and so——"

Madge turned abruptly to her cousin.

"And the other things—the money," she said, struggling for composure, "that Mrs. Rennet has supplied me with since we have been here?" Noel shrugged his shoulders.

"I tell you, my dear Madge," he said impatiently, "you could have had whatever you wished, had you only mentioned it. Of course I took it for granted you would let me know."

"I understand," said the girl, steadily enough now; "only Jack did not wait to be asked. At home, cousin, where I did my share of the daily work and earned my little share of the money with my embroidery, I had no shame in telling you when I stood in need of a new gown or a pair of gloves: but here it is different, and I am sorry that you do not feel so yourself."

Noel did not answer. Miss Blanchmayne was crossing the lawn with Bertie Flollfott. He hastened to meet her.

* * * * * * *

Madge went back to the house to hide her reddened eyes. Jack was left alone in the sunshiny garden.

"Confound the money!" he growled dolefully. "Rich people have always something else to think of besides being happy. I can't stand this sort of thing much longer. If it were not for Madgie——" He started. "What's that?" he said eagerly. "Surely no one but Sebastian himself was ever guilty of such a musical, or unmusical, phrase as that!"

And indeed a conceited tenor voice was heard singing aloud under the thick-leaved chestnuts, drawing nearer and nearer until the singer became visible; and Smythe, in his usual velvet coat, and with his long hair floating on the breeze, rushed into Jack's arms with many extravagent expressions of delight.

"My friend, my chief, my hero!" cried Sebastian gaily. "Do we then meet again at last?"

"You may well say 'at last'!" answered Jack, shaking the fellow's hand as if he never leave off. "Why have none of you ever answered my letters or run down to see us before? But no matter now; we have got you at last, and we shall not let you go in a hurry!"

"Too generous being," cried Sebastian, "this heat is absolutely tropical. Oblige me by leading me to the nearest fountain and leaving me in it."

"We haven't any fountain handy just now," said Jack, laughing. "But what do you say to a nice cool champagne-cup under the trees?" And, rushing about eagerly, he began to call "Here, William—James—somebody!"

A stately footman appeared, to whom Jack gave his orders, and at sight of whose splendor and well-developed calves Sebastian rose and saluted his old friend with a series of mock respectful bows.

"Pardon me, Mr. Beamish," he said; "if I had known that you were in a position to address a livery like that, legs like those, in such familiar terms, I would have treated you with the respect such a position merits. Allow me to repair my error without delay and——"

Jack pushed him, laughing, back into his chair again.

"Sit down," he said, "jolly old donkey, and tell me all the news.

"How are all the boys—Horngold and Freddy and Warrington? I hope to be back with them all before long."

"Ay, thanks to you, Jack, Warrington is on his legs again."

"Some luncheon had now been brought from the refreshment tent and placed on a table under the trees.

"He charged me with all sorts of grateful messages and——"

But Jack made haste to change the subject. The two old friends lunched together very comfortably, chatting busily the while. And then longings after tobacco seized upon Sebastian. He produced his pipe, and was about to light it. But a sudden blush began to burn in his ingenuous countenance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

GLUE.—Glue, when mixed with one-fourth part glycerine, is found to have an elasticity and pliability which prevents its cracking when dry.

ARTIFICIAL SHOWERS.—A curious invention is going to be tried in Paris. An iron tube is to be run up the side of those trees in public gardens which require constant watering in summer. Up this tube water is to be forced, so as to produce an artificial shower when needed.

PAPER.—At a scientific meeting lately it was said that the paper trade was probably the one which turned to immediate use more waste products than any other. In it was utilized cotton, hemp, flax, jute waste, old rope, and canvas rags. In fact, the paper manufacturer could turn to profitable use any vegetable fibre.

ELECTRIC SIGNAL.—An automatic electric mechanism, that is designed to announce the approach of railroad trains, has been tried on a French line. It consists of a box filled with mercury placed under the rail at the required distance from a bell. When the train passes over this box the mercury is so agitated as to form contact with the wire communicating with the bell and thus makes it ring.

THE WAX-PLANT.—Algeria is beginning to cultivate on a large scale the wax-plant of Carolina and Pennsylvania. The fruit when gathered is put into a coarse bag, and when plunged into a vessel containing boiling water the wax soon rises to the surface, when it is skimmed off and dried, and subsequently sold as a substitute for bees-wax, the chemical composition of which it very closely resembles. The odor of the substance is very agreeable.

GUTTA-PERCHA CEMENT.—A good gutta-percha cement is made by dissolving gutta-percha in chloroform in quantity to make a fluid of honey-like consistence. When spread it will dry in a few moments. Heat the surfaces at a fire or gas-flame until softened, and apply them together. Small patches of leather can be thus cemented on boots, etc., so as almost to defy detection, and some shoemakers employ it with great success for this purpose. It is waterproof, and will answer almost anywhere unless exposed to heat, which softens it.

Farm and Garden.

GRAINS.—Of the grains ordinarily used for stock, the richest in the fattening element, starch, is: Corn, 80 per cent. of starch, and then come in their order, buckwheat, 75.4; rye, 71.1; barley, 69.5; and oats, 62.4, while peas and beans are less valuable for this purpose, and of the vegetables none are very useful in this respect save the potato, 22.5; parsnips, 7; carrots, 6.6; turnips, 4.

WINTER COMFORT.—Stock should lie dry, whether bedded or not. A dry floor is far better than wet bedding. Spar or slat floors, through which liquids will quickly pass, and which give the animals a level standing-place, are especially to be advised. A good degree of comfort may be had on such floors, but a full supply of dry litter—straw, leaves, prairie hay, etc.,—makes all kinds of stock more comfortable.

BIRDS AND INSECTS.—An English writer records a count kept of a pair of birds bringing caterpillars to their nest to feed their young. The calculations made on the count showed that one brood consumed no less than five hundred caterpillars in a day. This would dispose of fifteen thousand a month, and if there were a hundred such nests in a township, the death of a million and a half of caterpillars would contribute to the life of some five hundred birds.

FROST.—In a frozen, compact, wet soil, the icy layer formed acts as a non-conductor of heat, preventing its escape; and such soils do not freeze and thaw deeply, and less new plant food is supplied. If before it freezes solid we plow or spade the ground into a loose condition, the frost will penetrate far deeper, and the soil be richer in plant food for the next summer's crop. Deep dead furrows or drains made in wet fields of winter wheat, rye, and grass, have a like beneficial effect.

BOILED AND DRIED.—A paper recently read before the Society of Biology, in France, foreshadows results which may be of great use to agriculturists. A series of experiments was reported intended to demonstrate the value of boiled and dried blood as an ailment for cattle when it is finely powdered and sprinkled into their vegetable diet. The method has thus far proved very successful with sheep, and a few cases have been reported of delicate children being restored to health by this means. As a means for utilizing the enormous waste from slaughter-houses, its economic value is apparent.

GREEN PLANTS.—The decomposition of carbonic acid by green plants during daylight is of the utmost importance in maintaining an atmosphere suitable for the respiration of animals. An animal in breathing inspires atmospheric air; it expires air in which a part of the oxygen has been replaced by carbonic acid. The result of animal life is thus to accumulate carbonic acid in the atmosphere. Such accumulation would be injurious to health, but is prevented by the growth of plants. It has been calculated that an acre of forest, producing annually 5,755 pounds of dry matter, will consume the carbonic acid produced by the respiration of fifteen men.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 2, 1882.

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STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.

Everyone, no matter what his position in life may be, ought to have some particular goal in view, toward which he should be ever striving. Without a definite aim or purpose, a man will never be able to rise above the dead level of mediocrity. He will be listless in what he undertakes; he will neglect the study of details; he will, so to speak, attempt to build a house without laying a foundation, the inevitable result of which will be that his edifice will fall to the ground with a crash.

He will, for a time, adopt one pursuit after another, with the overweening confidence of a Micawber, and work, by fits and starts with feverish energy; but, finding that success does not quickly follow, he will lose heart and sullenly resign himself to a purposeless existence, foolishly casting the blame on fortune, while all but himself can clearly see that he alone is in fault.

What a contrast does a man of the opposite character present! He has set before his eyes a clearly-defined object. He is resolved, for example, to attain the highest possible eminence in his profession; and, to that end, he steadily labors, day after day, year after year. All his efforts are concentrated on that one object. With never-wearying perseverance, he treads the only path that can lead him to the fruition of his hopes. "Make haste slowly" is his motto. He is fully persuaded that, in order to attain the heighth of his ambition, a straight; undeviating course must be followed. He does not strive spasmodically, for he knows that by gentle and gradual progress he is more likely to succeed in the end than others are by violence and impetuosity. "In his highest enterprise," to employ the language of the once-famous Dr. Blair, "he wishes not to have the appearance of a meteor, which fires the atmosphere; or a comet, which astonishes the public by its blazing, eccentric course; but rather to resemble those steady luminaries of heaven, which advance in their orbits with a silent and regular motion." Ever resolutely keeping his object in view, he is sure to meet with his reward at last.

If everyone were to set before himself some laudable object of ambition, the world would be infinitely richer in manifold ways than it is. How many an inventor, how many a writer, orator, statesman or preacher may have sunk ingloriously to the grave because he lacked perseverance and decision of character!

The poet Gray, in his "Elegy," bewails the sad fate of those who have never had the opportunity of distinguishing themselves; but those of whom we speak have had it, and have foolishly thrown it away, therefore no tear of pity will ever be shed for them.

Let us then, like the hero of Longfellow's poem, have the word "Excelsior" emblazoned on our banner. Like him, we may fall ere our glorious enterprise is achieved, but the satisfaction that we have done so much will not be small. We may not reach the topmost crest of the mountain, but we shall know that we have left its base far in the valley below.

SANCTUM CHAT.

FROM the recent official report it is seen that the use of horseflesh as an article of human food is steadily increasing in Paris. In 1875, 7,000 horses were slaughtered for this purpose; in 1880 the number was 8,000; and in 1881, 8,300. Besides these, there were sold at the forty establishments exclusively devoted to this business 10 carcasses of donkeys in 1875, 320 in 1880, and 400 in 1881.

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A NEW YORK letter has the following: It almost seems incredible, and had I not ocular proof I should not dare to state it, that a single dress should have on it 1,800 buttons of varying sizes. Ten days were consumed in arranging and sewing on the buttons by a seamstress. On each sleeve there are 100 buttons, on the body, basque and collar 350, and on the skirt 1,350. Those on the skirt were arranged in triangles, squares, crosses, stars and other curious shapes, on a foundation of black satin. The dress had a satiny appearance, and was very weighty—so much so that it would require a lady of considerable strength to wear it. The intention was to have 2,000 buttons on it, but the entire surface of the dress would have to be covered. The buttons were all black—some round, and others flat—and many of them quite expensive.

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VOLTAIRE, one hundred and twenty years ago, said that "before the beginning of the nineteenth century Christianity will have disappeared from the earth." In 1830, the date appointed for the extermination of Christianity, there were 24,000,000 English-speaking people alone. Of these about 14,000,000 were Protestants, 5,500,000 Roman Catholics, and 4,500,000 professed no religious belief.

—

AN old woman of St. Louis saved $1,100 out of the hard earnings of thirty years, and the other night lost her money in the street. The newspapers described her pitiable grief, for she was completely prostrated by the loss, and when she read one of these accounts she felt still worse, for she said she did not want the whole world to know her trouble. But when a boy came in with the money, and explained that he had found out its owner from the papers, she thought better of journalism.

—

ONE of the popular errors of the time is that living, so far as travelers are concerned, is very much cheaper in London and other British cities than it is in New York and other cities of America. The experience of a large proportion of transatlantic travelers is quite in a contrary direction. Such a thing a $2, or even a $3, a day hotel in Great Britain is as thoroughly unknown as a variety of viands at a London boarding-house. Five to ten dollars are nearer the prices, and restaurants are dear in proportion. There are many other popular errors in regard to cheapness of things abroad which deserve ventilation at the hands of the experienced travelers or the victims of fashionable swindling.

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ALTOGETHER, perhaps, the classes which at the present day have the advantage of the higher education are far more observant than were their forerunners of three or four centuries ago; and, though even now many of the mathematicians and philosophers who walk the streets of our universities, live largely in a mood of abstract thought, we must be careful of finding undue fault with this, for the inward eye has some claims not lightly to be despised. But, with respect to the mass of the nation, the question is one that deserves a good deal of attention. Popular education is still in the bookish stage; and, without complaining of what is inevitable, we may, and ought to, inquire whether literary study does now in the lower ranks promote that vice of inobservance which it certainly promoted in the higher ranks a century or two ago. Equally we have to inquire whether the virtue which is the converse of this error may be fostered; whether and how the study of books may be made to minister to powers of direct observation, instead of being adverse to them, and to assist in the general business of life.

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A PUZZLE in pronunciation. Even a Boston man is puzzled occasionally. One such writes thus inquiringly to one of the city journals: "Perhaps some of your literary readers can enlighten me on the following: The proper pronunciation of the name of Whittier's heroine, Maud Muller. When I was a little fellow and first came across the word, I pronounced it phonetically, of course, Mul-ler. Well, shortly after, I heard a literary gentleman—a judge, too—read the poem at an evening gathering, and I noticed particularly he pronounced it Mu-ler. I made a note of it, and carried that pronunciation with confidence for a long time, until one day in high school the teacher informed us that the proper pronunciation of that name was Mwe-ler. So I changed my colors again and sailed under the Mweler for quite a while, until one day I got into conversation with a young physician, a good German student. 'Oh, yes, said he, 'I can tell you how to pronounce that name. Whenever you see a German word with two dots over the letter u, it is always pronounced as if immediately followed by an r, thus: Murl-er—Maud Murler. By this time I had lost all confidence in everyone, and decided to let the young lady severely alone, but the other day I happened to run across a German fresh from the old country, and I said: "Do you have any people over in your land called Muller? M-u-l-l-e-r? 'Oh yes, plenty.' 'Well, what do you call them—how do you pronounce it?' 'Miller,' said he. 'It's a very common name—Miller.' I thanked him and left, and now if there is another way in which that word can be pronounced I should like to hear it. I am honestly seeking for information."

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A MOST sensible charity in Boston is the society organized a few years ago by Miss Jennie Collins, for the purpose of aiding young women who are in need and in quest of employment. Miss Collins, whose name merits as much honor as a female philanthrope as that of Florence Nightingale, originated her society solely upon her own resources and with no outside financial aid. Her effectively good labors have, however, now been properly rewarded, and many of the good citizens in Boston are interested in the charitable movement. She says in her published report, that the success of her institution has been very gratifying, but in the past two years the number of girls who have fallen by the wayside has been unfortunately large. She attributes this to the fact that employers are not willing to pay anything like fair wages. During the past year she has had one hundred and fifteen applications from house-keepers for girls to do the entire household work, and offering never more than one dollar, and generally a smaller amount, a week. These miserable prices, and the increase in the cost of living, Miss Collins believes to be the greatest inducements to vice among the poor girls of Boston.

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LEATHEROID is a new article which is being made of paper. It consists of a number of thicknesses of cotton paper wound one upon another over a cylinder. The remarkable qualities of strength and adhesion it possesses are derived from a chemical bath, through which the paper is drawn on its way to the cylinder. The effect of the chemical bath on the paper is said to be wonderful. Leatheroid, for the purpose it now serves, consists of about twenty thicknesses of paper; it is shaped upon or around molds, while wet, into the form it is to represent, and will hold that form perpetually when dry. When dried, it is as difficult as rawhide to cut with a knife. A company has been formed in Maine for the manufacture of this article, and will at once build a large mill there for that purpose. This company is making, for introduction into the mills, roving cans, boxes, etc., to take the place of tin cans and wooden boxes. Can made from this material are about one-fourth the weight of tin cans of equal size; while tin cans are liable to get bent, cans made from leatheroid are entirely free from this objection. They have the elasticity of thin steel, and no amount of kicking or handling will break them.

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HE who wishes to have a clear and distinct remembrance, should be temperate with respect to eating, drinking, and sleeping. The memory depends very much on the state of the brain, and, therefore, what is hurtful to the latter must be prejudicial to the former. Too much sleep congests the brain, and too little depletes; therefore, either of these extremes must, of course, hurt the memory, and ought carefully to be avoided. Many readers note in the margin of their books the most important passages, the strongest arguments, or the brightest sentiments. Thus they load their minds with superfluous attention, repress the vehemence of curiosity by useless deliberation, and, by frequent interruption, break the current of revelation or the chain of reason, and at last close the volume, and forget the passages and the thought. The act of writing itself, in such a case, distracts the thoughts, and what is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed. The mind is seldom fit for close attention soon after meals; the effort draws the blood and forces from their proper employment in digestion, and stomach derangement is apt to ensue, to the disturbance of the brain and the derangement of the health. Both the mind and body should be easy and undisturbed when we engage in committing things to memory, and therefore, quiet and retirement are most fit for it.

NO MORE.

BY A. R. Y.

To meet no more.
I hoped that seal was set upon the past.
I hoped that you and I had looked our last,
Till life was over.

Not, Oh, my friend,
That you can stir one quiet pulse of mine,
No words can ever join the broken line.
Time traced "the end."

Not that my name
Can bid your heart one instant faster beat:
No fair old fly blind youth found so sweet,
Such power can claim.

The idle dream
Passed, as the morning mist will roll away,
When on its fairy veil of sweeping gray,
Full sunlight's gleam,

Its charm has fled.
But round it hangs the memory of its woe,
Jarring the sweet notes of the long ago,
To heart and head.

Therefore I say,
I fain had left unturned the silly page.
I fain had left untouched the dust of age
To gather gray.

In calm content,
Blest in our sobered joys, apart we stand
I want no spectre from the shadow land,
Or fancies spent.

And so I say,
Smooth be your path, your sky from cloudlets free!
But let life's river roll 'twixt you and me,
E'en as to-day.

Bewitched.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

IF it was for your own good, Serena, or if I even thought the man really loved you, I would never try to stop you from marrying him.

"But you don't know him as I do, dear.

"If you could see and hear him of an evening, in the bar-room at the 'Red,' half-intoxicated, and swearing over his bad luck at billiards, you would soon lose this foolish fancy for him.

"And he talks of women, too, in a shameful way!

"No man worth the name would——"

"That it is quite enough, George Everett!" exclaimed Serena Leigh, who had been listening to the young farmer's lecture with ill-concealed impatience.

"If Colonel Chetwynd amuses himself in such places, is he worse than you?

"By your own account you frequent them yourself."

"Only since this fellow came here to bewitch you, Serena," said George, his eyes full of beseeching love.

"I have watched him, but it was for your sake.

"I wanted to know who and what he really is."

"Never mind, George.

"I cannot hear another word," said the dark, bright young beauty, looking towards a pretty bower of honeysuckles at the lower end of the farm-house garden, in which they stood.

"I may as well tell you at once that I love him with all my heart, and that I have promised to marry him on the day when my grandfather gives his consent."

"Squire Leigh never will do that," began George.

"He has always wished you to marry me, Serena.

"And I—oh, you know how my whole heart has been fixed upon you ever since we were little children playing about this dear old farm together.

"Serena"—he took her hand, and his blue eyes filled with tears—"I shall die if you leave me.

"I cannot live without you."

The girl flushed up and seemed to hesitate.

She had loved George Everett.

Nay, she loved him now, although she knew it not.

The honeysuckles shook and rustled, although there was not a breath of wind stirring among the trees.

Serena's eye caught the movement, and her color grew deeper still.

"It cannot be, George!" she said.

"Not for millions would I stay here in Meadowlands, and vegetate on a farm.

"This one has nearly been the death of me, and yours is quieter and duller yet.

"I must go away—I must see the world.

"And he can show it to me."

She drew her hand away and ran back to the house before George Everett could utter a word.

After a few moments, he followed her.

But he did not enter the comfortable kitchen, where the hale old squire was smoking his after supper pipe.

He, George Everett, mounted his fast grey mare, Peggotty, and rode swiftly over the forest road towards the hillside farm which was his own, the farm to which he had hoped one day to bring the girl who had once admired and loved it, but who could only speak of it now as "quieter and duller yet" than the lovely greenhouse in which she herself was born.

From her chamber window, screened by the muslin curtains, Serena watched him out of sight.

For the last time.

She knew it well.

George Everett was proud.

He would not kneel to sue for a love that was denied, no matter what he might suffer through its loss.

He would come no more.

For weeks Serena had said to herself that she wished their tacit engagement broken.

Now that it was done, she sat down and looked at George's picture on the wall, and cried as if her heart would break.

From the garden, from the honeysuckle bower, came the clear thrilling notes of a bird—a call that she had listened to many a time during the midsummer weeks just fled.

Now she heard it with a start of fright.

Her tears ceased.

"I've kept him waiting so long!

"Will he be angry?" she thought, as all in a flurry of agitation she bathed her face and arranged her hair, and tied the crimson ribbons afresh that fastened the lace frills at her throat and wrists.

She stole down the front stairs softly.

Down to the honeysuckle arbor sped Serena, sure that she was safe from every eye.

And in the arbor she was met by a tall, dashing, distinguished-looking man of forty, who lifted her small white hand to his moustache lip with every demonstration of respect.

"How long you have been, my dearest," he said reproachfully, drawing her to the seat that circled the arbor.

"I began to fear that you were going to desert me and cling to the young farmer after all."

"He has gone.

"I shall not see him again.

"Don't talk about him, please," said Serena, rather unsteadily.

"I hope you don't regret him, darling," said the silky voice.

"To live with him on one of these dreary farms!

"It would be an awful fate for one so fair and bright.

"Wait till I show you Chetwynd Hall, my beauty.

"Wait till you see the elegance, the luxury, the perfect comforts of an English home; and then say if you are sorry for places like this.

"You will say good-bye to poverty, dear, once you are my bride."

"Poverty?

"Why, I have never been poor," cried Serena.

"Grandpapa is the richest man in this town, and he has always given me everything that I wished for."

"I know—I know," said Colonel Chetwynd, glancing back rather contemptuously at the square, red brick house, set in the midst of its plenteous orchards and gardens.

"The farm is his, I hear.

"But what is that to such a home as I offer you?"

"The farm is only a small part of grandpapa's wealth," said Serena, who, in spite of her infatuation, slightly resented this persistent undervaluing of her family and friends on the part of the gallant colonel.

It was not the first time that he had talked in that way.

Should she—should she tell him a secret which would make him approach her grandfather with more respect, when he went to ask his consent to their marriage?

It might be well to do so.

"But a man's bank account tells the story of his property, love," said the colonel carelessly.

"And your grandfather has none at Meadowlands, so the people say.

"But what does that matter?" he added, changing his tone.

"I marry you for love, not for money, my darling."

"Louis, I will tell you something, only you must keep the secret faithfully," said the foolish girl.

"Grandpapa has a horror of banks. He keeps his bonds here at home."

"One or two of small amount, I suppose, dear.

"Well, that is not very dangerous."

"Small amount!

"To my certain knowledge there are one hundred thousand dollars in bonds in his safe this night."

"A safe?

"But that is dangerous.

"Any one seeing a safe in your house would guess at once that it held money," he said.

"Hush, Louis!

"No one could ever guess the secret.

"It is built into the wall behind the great clock, and the clock must be opened before it is unlocked.

"And out of that safe, sir, a handsome dowry is to come for me when I marry with his consent," said Serena," gazing tenderly into his handsome face, as he bent above her, to steal a kiss from her half-willing lips.

Blind—foolish—infatuated!

Blinder still, that she did not notice the alteration in her lover's manner after the secret was told, and the eager restless way in which he presently glanced at his watch, and regretted that he must leave her because he had an engagement to keep "with his lawyer from the city," who was to arrive at Meadowlands by the last train—the train that they heard even then, shrieking and whistling its way past Leigh House and farm.

After he had gone—after the magic influence of his presence had vanished—Serena, in the quiet of her own chamber, thought of what she had done.

"Louis is safe—he is like one of the family now," she told herself.

And so she fell asleep.

At midnight Serena was roused from a dream of her lover by a loud cry in the lower hall.

Her grandfather's voice.

And then heavy steps, low, fierce mutterings, like curses—a short, fierce struggle, and a crashing blow.

"I'm coming grandfather!

"Oh, what is it?" cried Serena, lighting her lamp with trembling fingers, and only waiting to throw on her dressing-gown.

No one answered.

She sped down the staircase, and stood at the foot, aghast with horror.

There lay her kind, good grandfather at her feet, apparently dead, bathed in the blood that flowed from a wound in his forehead.

And behind the great clock—oh, how could they know that secret?—two masked men were busy trying to open the safe that held the bonds.

"Help—murder—thieves!" screamed Serena, reckless of her own peril, as she flew to the front door and threw it wide open, to summon the men who slept in the east wing of the house.

"There's that girl!

"Shoot her, Dick!" shouted a savage voice—and yet it was so familiar to her ear.

Crouching to avoid the bullet, Serena flew out into the garden, and into the arms of a man who stood below the steps.

"Hush, dear, it is only George Everett!" he said as she cried.

"The police are here on the track of two city burglars, and—and I came with them, with my dear mother, Serena, to warn you!

"I am sorry to say that the colonel is one."

He drew her aside to where his mother stood, as the rush came from the police and farm-hands, who had been stealthily summoned to aid them.

Shots were fired, a furious struggle took place within the hall, and then the prisoners came forth handcuffed and unmasked.

For the last time Serena Leigh looked upon the face whose fatal beauty had well nigh been her ruin.

They raised the poor old squire, and found that his wound was only superficial.

He was about the farm well and strong as ever on the second day afterwards.

But Serena lay for days in the grasp of brain fever, and it was a very pale and delicate little bride that was given by the old squire to George Everett, just before the Christmas days set in.

Across the River.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

A FURNITURE car backed up to the door.

It created quite an excitement at once.

All the ladies in the house had front windows, and knew, of course, what was passing in the street.

To a man it would have been a small matter, but to women—and those women shut up in separate rooms in a boarding-house—it was an event.

They were dull, dispirited, and tired of one another, and there was no inspiring element to change the everyday atmosphere with the delightful excitement of variety.

They were ready for the event.

The married ladies had discussed their babies, servants and minister's wife, until they grew weary of repetition.

The old maids had abused the babies, servants, and their own particular minister's wife, until they grew almost charitable in their monotony, and forbore for awhile.

The young girls—ah!

There was but one young girl, and she was too poor, too hard-worked, and too ready to find kindness everywhere, either to discuss, abuse, or complain.

None the less she, too, felt the monotony, and was ready for excitement.

And she saw the furniture car back up to the door with a jolt, and dropped her work to look curiously at its contents, as they were deftly deposited on the side walk—umbrellas, canes, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, trunks, valise, dressing-case, evidently the property of a man.

Then followed a book-rack, books, desk, and a rocking-chair.

A rocking-chair for a man.

Simultaneously the thought went through the mind of every occupant of each room, and they sniffed with disdain, and settled the mental calibre of that man at once.

All save the young girl.

She thought only of the delightful siestas he must take in that chair, and envied him.

She had no easy chair in her room, for upon her meekly asking for that luxury she had been loftily answered—

"The cheap rooms furnish their own extras."

Alas her room was a cheap room—the cheapest! and she was unable to furnish any extras.

And so she did her work, perched high on a stiff-backed chair, and dreamed as she worked of Eastern divans and Oriental cushions.

Bump, bump went the trunks on the stairs, as the carrier toiled up with them.

Rattle, bang went the clubs and canes on the landing, outside her door.

Why, surely the new boarder was to be located on her floor—the third floor; and in that large, square room, too, with its two windows overlooking the garden.

Just the room for books, and a rocking-chair.

The girl sighed: then started up.

Voices on the landing.

All the female boarders had collected to investigate the newcomer's possessions, and discuss his means and position.

It is a peculiarity of female boarders; they know all about the male boarders before he has slept one night in his room, or eaten his first dinner.

Curiosity conquered delicacy, and the young girl joined the group.

"Single, and an old bachelor," was the conclusion arrived at just that moment.

"A bank-clerk, or secretary, or something," followed.

"Has his washing done at the laundry," was the next.

"Makes a horrid mess bathing every morning, monopolizing the bath-room," sniffed one, with no apparent love for water about her crumpled wrapper.

"Will keep the babies awake with his hideous clubs and dumb-bells—unfeeling creature!"

"Ah! ah!" chorused the group, in married and single notes, as the idea broke mournfully upon the mothers and old maids, and downstairs they flocked, with indignant protest written in every crimp and flounce.

A woman's skirt so often indicates her temperament.

Left alone in the little hall between her own room and this stranger's, the young girl quietly watched the carrier put everything in the wrong place—the clubs on the table, the books in a corner, the book-rack on the bureau, the dressing-case on the floor—and then her eyes fell on the rocking-chair.

It was an antique structure of oak, brown velvet and gilt knobs.

But, ah, how delightfully suggestive of ease!

She drew near to it with admiring eyes.

She patted it softly on its cushioned back, then left it reluctantly to perch herself on her yellow pine pedestal, and think dreamily of the old chair.

The newcomer appeared at dinner.

The female boarders were ready to annihilate or worship.

He permitted them to do neither.

A cool quiet man, with steady eye and courteous, indifferent voice, he looked the female boarders over, bowed calmly, sat down and ate with a relish.

One pair of eyes, far down the table, watched him furtively.

He saw them, but kept the fact to himself.

A jumble of names was in his mind from the minute introduction he had gone through on presenting himself, but this one person had not been named, and, looking at her, he thought her worth all the rest.

He liked fresh air, and gave the chamber-maid orders to leave his windows and doors wide open, so as to create circulation.

His door opened out on the small hall or landing, upon which another door opened, and this caused mischief.

The spring days were growing warm.

The young girl found her room badly ventilated by its one window, and so opened her door.

Across the hall stood that other, wide open and facing it, in all its inviting comfort, stood the old rocking-chair.

It tempted her.

Day by day she resisted, but hesitated, and—it's the old story over again—she was lost.

"He never comes home until six o'clock," she whispered to her conscience, "and I have the whole day before me.

"He will never know," and she hurried across the dividing line to seat herself in the chair.

Ah, how delightful it was! how easily she could work now! and what dreams her fancy wove as the old chair rocked her to and fro!

It was wrong, very wrong; and she tried hard to resist.

But, just as sure as she would open her door for air, just so sure would the old chair beckon, and she be unable to resist, but have to run to it, pat it lovingly, and sink down in its embrace.

"He will never know," she assured herself.

And perhaps he never would if the something to which he was secretary had not "shut up," as it is termed, at three o'clock, one Saturday afternoon, instead of the usual hour.

Home came the secretary, and ascended to his delightful room and easy-chair with eager step.

He had longed for both all day, and promised himself a cosy hour or two with a favorite author, before descending to dinner and the silent observation of one face below at table.

He was attracted by the face; it was gentle, fair and womanly; there was a tremor on the lips, but courage in the eyes.

And she was not a type of a female boarder.

He liked her for that.

She was—

Why here she was!

Sound asleep!

And in his rocking-chair!

He felt very much like a prince in the Enchanted Palace.

And he would like very much to have awakened her by the same means as the situation suggested to the prince.

But modern decorum restrained poetical ardor, and he made himself comfortable on a trunk until the princess should have her nap out, and awaken to the position herself.

Her work lay in her lap.

He picked it up.

Art work, painting on silk, and done with skill.

Poor little girl!

She felt the touch of pity in the air; it awakened her with a sigh of pleasure.

Her eyes fell on the man sitting on the trunk.

"Wha— what— do— you— want?" she stammered.

"My chair, if you please," he said, politely.

"Your chair?" still too drowsy to take it in.

"You are sitting in it, you know," he said calmly.

"My grandmother's legacy. It's comfortable, isn't it?

"She thought so, for she went to sleep for ever in it——"

He was interrupted by the young girl rising with quiet dignity, but with flushing cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

"It was very presumptuous, I know, but —I couldn't help it!" she cried, in a defiant burst of confidence.

"You would have your door open; the old chair would invite me to sit in it, and as I had none——"

"No easy chair?" cried the secretary on the trunk.

"Not a bit of one.

"It is an extra, and I cannot afford extras."

He looked at her gravely.

"Then you are a claimant on my grandmother's legacy."

She looked at him in wonder.

"The old lady left me her fortune, with a condition attached—that I should every year aid a poor gentle lady. And—and you are one."

He got down off the trunk.

She looked shy and startled.

"It is true," she admitted, quietly.

"Then you must be helped. First a rocking-chair, eh?"

His laughing eyes made her shy ones look at him.

"I—I——" she faltered.

"You can't help it, you know," he insisted, gravely.

"The old lady said I must, and I must.

"You'll have spine disease if you sit on those abominable things," pointing to the chair her paint box was on.

"And my conscience will reproach me for not fulfilling the condition imposed on me."

His manner was irresistible—kind, courteous, but gravely earnest.

She thanked him shyly, and gathered up her work.

"Your name, please," he asked as he proceeded to wheel his property back into position.

"Oh, it's—it's—Lucy!" she faltered.

"It's a nice one too.

"But I couldn't tell the shopkeeper to send home a chair to Lucy, you know," he said.

She laughed softly.

"Lucy Day, please."

"I do please very much, Miss Day," he said, gravely.

* * * * * *

Though Robin Blair insisted upon sending Lucy an elegant easy-chair, she would not have his gift.

But one thing she could not refuse when it was given her, some months later, for she had the same to give in turn, and the exchange was a glad and mutual one.

"Tell me the truth, Robin," she said, as they strolled through the garden, "or I will not say that I love you—did your grandmother leave you any such trust as you claimed?"

"My dear Lucy, the only thing that dear departed ever left me was her old rocking-chair.

"All her money went to hospitals and things."

Lucy feigned indignation.

"How could you say such a thing?"

"How could you help yourself to my chair?" he said.

A blush, then a laugh.

"Robin, if you will never speak of that again, I'll promise to——"

"Well?"

"Don't be afraid Lucy," drawing her close.

"To be your wife, Robin.

And in that city across the river there were two happy souls.

Number Three.

BY JULIUS THAT

IT was the third of May, a brilliant spring day, with the jonquils and daffodils all in blossom, the great white peonies, bursting like balls of snow through their green calyxes, and the grass on the upland pastures as soft and delicately-tinted as velvet.

And even poor Mrs. Crofton, wearied and over-worked though she was, felt something of the sweet spring influences pass into her soul, as she stood on the door-sill, buttering a bake-pan for the Saturday loaf of raisin-cake.

"It's a lovely day," said Mrs. Crofton.

"And somehow the smell of those daffy-downdillies reminds me of when I was a girl.

"But there's a touch of chill in the air, for all that, and I doubt if it's safe for uncle Malachi to sit out much longer."

And she went round the corner of the house, to the paved space in front of the south wing, where, in a wooden arm-chair, sat a little old man, yellow-faced and wrinkled, with a one-sided wig pulled over his left eye, a patchwork-covered pillow at his back, and a woollen blanket wrapped round him.

"You'd better let me wheel you in, uncle Malachi," she said.

"It's getting chilly as the sun shifts round to the other side of the house, and you've been out here a good hour."

"I won't go in," said uncle Malachi pettishly.

"It's pleasant here, and I'm peaceful and content.

"It's the strangest thing I ever knew that people can't be satisfied to let me alone.

"Miles Larkens' son was by here not ten minutes ago chattering and cackling about the weather.

"What business of his in the weather?

"And why can't he let me alone?

"Does he suppose I don't know he's after the little bit of money I may have?

"Bah!" with a move of disgust.

"I can tell 'em all they won't get a half-penny of it."

Mrs. Crofton's dim eyes lighted up with a gleam of excitement.

"Uncle Malachi," said she, "how much money have you got, anyhow?"

The old man screwed up his withered features.

"Ah-h-h!" said he; "don't you wish you knew?

"But you don't know.

"No, nor you won't!

"Perhaps it's five dollars—perhaps it's more.

"Anyhow it's nobody's business but mine.

"Nettie will have it.

"I shall tell Nettie where it is some day.

"But not yet—no, no, not yet!"

"Won't you let me wheel your chair in, uncle Malachi?" persisted Mrs. Crofton.

"No," snarled the old man, "I won't."

Mrs. Crofton was quite used to this sort of thing.

She only went back to the kitchen with a sigh.

Ten years ago, she and her husband had given up their homestead to come and take care of uncle Malachi Miller, who was supposed then to be dying of old age.

"Whatever I have will be yours when I'm gone," said the old man; "and it won't be long."

But uncle Malachi's words proved incorrect.

The years passed by.

Mrs. Crofton wore herself out in taking care of him.

Mr. Crofton grew bent and old, trying to grind a living out of the stony fields and swamps of the Miller Farm.

And Nettie, the tall, blooming daughter, attempted to eke out the family funds by her own slender salary as a school-teacher.

And uncle Malachi sat on the old stone pavement in the sunshine, muttering of himself and seeming to take no heed to the outer world.

When Mr. Crofton came to get his dinner, he went for uncle Malachi.

"He's been sitting out there long enough. He's a dreadful trial, but we must not let him get the rheumatic."

But when they went together to the sunny stone-paved yard, the old man sat there quite dead, with his glazed eyes staring straight before him, and his jaw dropped on his breast.

"Dead, eh?" the neighbors commented in chorus.

"Well, I suppose you'll come into the property now, Mrs. Crofton?"

"I suppose we should," said Mrs. Crofton feebly; "only nobody knows where it is." It was true.

The wrinkled, little, old human magpie had kept his secret to the last, and his niece and her daughter was as poor as ever.

"Never mind, mother," said Nettie bravely.

"We've done our duty, and that's all that can be expected of any of us."

In uncle Malachi's old leather-strapped memorandum-book there was only a yellow bit of paper, on which was marked the figure "3."

"Couldn't we make some sort of a clue out of that?" said young Doctor Drew, the village Esculapius, who was to marry pretty Nettie, when they had scraped together money enough to keep them out of the poor-house.

"No," said Mrs. Crofton, shaking her head.

"Three was always uncle Malachi's favorite number.

"He bought a lottery ticket once—number three—and drew a prize.

"He put off all business until the third day in the month if he wanted good luck; he was born on the third of January, and ——"

"And he died on the third of May," said Drew.

"Well, it is rather a curious coincidence.

"However, you had better keep this old memorandum, Mrs. Crofton—it can do no harm; and now we'll go to business."

It was the day after uncle Malachi's funeral, and Doctor Drew had come to prescribe for Mrs. Crofton's periodical attack of ague.

"It's very strange," said the young medical man.

"There must be very bad drainage somewhere.

"We can't attribute it all to the old swamp in the meadow."

"There's no fault about the drainage that I know of," said Mrs. Crofton, in the drawling, listless tone that had become habitual to her of late.

"Mother," said Nettie, "perhaps it's the sunken well."

Doctor Drew pricked up his ears.

"What sunken well?" said he.

"There was an old well close to the house," said Mrs. Crofton.

"It was never much used, and it was dry most of the year.

"So, when they built on the south wing, they just paved it over and dug a new one by the garden wall.

"That's the very stone pavement where uncle Malachi used to take so much comfort in the sunshine, poor old man."

"Ah," said the doctor.

"It's very possible then that we may be able to account for this malarial affection.

"Have you a crowbar about the premises?"

"You are not going to uncover the old well?" said Zebedee Crofton, who wrapped in blankets, was enduring his regular "chill."

"Yes, I am," said Doctor Drew.

Out they all three went—Doctor Drew, Mrs. Crofton and Nettie.

Neighbor Larkens was summoned to assist with the crowbar.

"I declare," said Mrs. Crofton, "it does almost seem as if uncle Malachi would rise out of his grave to prevent us.

"He was dreadful partial to this spot."

"Well, it can't be of any use to him now," said Nettie.

"Hallo!" said Doctor Drew; "there are nine paving-stones, aren't there?"

"Three each way," said neighbor Larkens.

"And the old well was directly underneath the centre stone.

"I recollect covering it up as well as if it were yesterday."

"Three times three," said Doctor Drew.

"Perhaps that accounts for the old gentleman's partiality to it."

Nettie started.

"I never thought of that," she said.

"Heave ho!" sang neighbor Larkens.

And impelled by the strong arms of the two men, the central stone came up revealing the black and hollow mouth of the disused well.

"Pah!" said Doctor Drew, "there's enough bad air and foul gas here to infect a regiment."

"There's something else here," quietly added Nettie, who had stooped to look down.

"A leather bag suspended from a spike driven in between the stones."

Neighbor Larkens, who was long in the arms, made a dive at it.

"Land of liberty!" cried he, "it's full of five dollar gold pieces, by George!

"Miss Nettie, I declare you've come into your fortune."

It was only five thousand dollars, but to Nettie Crofton it represented a fortune indeed.

Here, upon the central stone of the diverging threes, old uncle Malachi had kept guard until it was too late to give any one the clue to his secret.

The old well was filled up and properly drained, Farmer Crofton got rid of his ague, Nettie and her lover were married, and, although Doctor Drew is not a superstitious man, he has ever since owned to a partiality for the figure "3."

HEALTH journals say that to retain a sound constitution a man must lie on the right side. Yes; but which is the right side? Every lawyer, preacher and editor in the country thinks the side he is lying on is the right one.

A Rapid Decline Arrested.

Mrs. Anna G. Fourqurean, of San Marco, Texas, wife of a well-known and influential citizen of that place, writing under date of May 21, 1881, says: "In the Spring of 1878, a deep cold settled on my lungs: I had a dreadful cough, accompanied by daily fevers, sleepless nights, indigestion, loss of flesh and strength, mental depression, and hemorrages from the lungs. This state continued for eighteen months, notwithstanding I had the treatment of good physicians. By this time I had lost all vitality, spent almost of the time in bed, coughed continually, raising a large quantity of deep yellow mucus, and after a little sleep in the latter part of the night, I would awaken drenched by night sweats, and so prostrated that I could not raise myself in bed until I had taken a little brandy. I began to lose hopes of life. My husband and neighbors thought I could not possibly live. About this time your 'Compound Oxygen Treatment' was brought to our notice. My husband immediately sent for it; I stopped the use of all medicines and began the 'Treatment.' I was too weak at first to take it for as long a time as two minutes; but gradually the inhalations increased in length and strength, and would leave such a delightful sense of relief to my lungs that I loved to inhale. My fevers grew lighter each day until I had none. Two weeks from the beginning of the treatment I began to feel like a new person; could take walks; found myself singing while at my work; indeed I scarcely recognized myself; my flesh increased, and I felt as I looked younger. I used the 'Treatment' four months faithfully; after that irregularly for several months, and at the end of twelve months, from the time I began it, I had no cough, no sign of lung disease; in other words, I was well. It is more than a year ago since I left off taking the Oxygen, and I have had no return of the disease." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases, and full information sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 & 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

RUSSIAN FOLK LORE.

A CERTAIN woman had a daughter of her own and a step-daughter.

She long wished to get rid of her step-daughter.

At last she said to her husband—

"Take your daughter away from my sight; carry her wherever you like. Leave her in the open field to the crackling frost."

The father wept and wailed, but at length he yielded, placed his daughter on his sledge, drove her out into the open field, and there deposited her.

Then, having crossed himself, he hastened home, so as not to witness his daughter's death.

The poor girl, left alone, shivered and uttered a silent prayer.

Up came Frost and said—

"Maiden, maiden, I am Red-nosed Frost."

"Good-day to you, Frost," she replied; "I suppose God has sent you for my sinful soul."

Frost had intended to smite her, but he was pleased by her way of speaking, so he took compassion on her and threw her a cloak.

She wrapped herself up in it and remained sitting there.

Twice did Frost come again to visit her, and each time she pleased him so much by her sage replies that he made her all manner of presents.

She decked herself with the gold and jewels he gave her, and sat on the box which had contained them, singing songs.

Meantime her step-mother was baking cakes for her funeral feast.

When they were ready she sent her husband forth to fetch his daughter's body home.

When he had been gone awhile the house dog barked from under the table, "The old man's daughter is being brought all in gold and silver, but the old woman's daughter has no suitors."

In vain did the step-mother regale it with cakes in order to make it change its tune.

It barked on as before.

When the girl arrived in all her glory the step-mother was at first astounded.

Then, after hearing what had occurred, she ordered her husband to take her own daughter out to the same spot in the open field and leave her there.

He obeyed.

Presently Frost appeared, and addressed the girl as he had addressed her predecessor; but no good words could he get from her, so he flew into a rage and froze her to death.

When her mother sent for her after a time, the house dog beneath the table again began to bark, this time exclaiming:

"Suitors are coming for the old man's daughter, but the old woman's daughter is a bag of bones."

The door opened, and the girl was brought in dead.

Her mother wept and wailed, but it was late too.

GRANDPA.—The grandpa is an individual aged somewhere between 50 and 100 years, of a promiscuous temperament, and is a common occurrence in all well-regulated families. Next to a healthy mother-in-law they have more active business on hand than any other party in the household. They are the standard authority on all leading topics, and what they don't know about things that took place sixty years ago, or will take place for the next sixty-five years to come, is a damage for any man to know. Grandpas are not entirely useless; they are handy to hold babies and feed the pigs, and are very smart at mending a broken broom-handle, and sifting coal ashes, and are good at putting up clothes-lines on washing days. I have seen grandpas that could churn good, but I consider it a mighty mean trick to set an old fellow of 80 years to churning butter. I am a grandpa myself, but I won't churn butter for no concern, not if I understand myself. I am solid on this conclusion as a graven image. I am willing to rock baby all the time while the women folks are boiling soap, I am willing to cut rags to work up into a rag carpet, they can keep me hunting hens' eggs wet days, or picking currants, or I will even dip candles, or core apples for sauce, or turn a grindstone, but, by thunder, I won't churn. I have examined myself on this subject, and I will bet a jack-knife, so long as he remains in his right mind, Josh Billings won't churn. As a general thing grandpas are a set of conceited old fools who don't seem to realize that what they know themselves is the result of experience, and that younger people have got to get their knowledge in the same way. Grandpas are poor help at bringing up children; they have got precept and catechism enough, but the young ones all seem to understand that grandpa minds them a heap more than they mind grandpa. J. B.

WHEN an Iowa anti-profanity society gets into financial distress it gets some rich man to join, and then arrange to have him "accidentally" sit down upon an egg.

A MAN who crossed the Atlantic for the first time said he did not think he was much of a sailor at starting, but when he was one day out he felt as if he could heave up the anchor.

☞ The wonders of modern chemistry are apparent in the beautiful Diamond Dyes. All kinds and colors of Ink can be made from them.

Little Patty.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

"AUNT CINDY is growing worse every day," soliloquized Squire Berrian, drawing his eyebrows together in a perplexed frown.

"I must really write to Sister Jane and see if she cannot spare one of the girls to come an' keep house for me.

"The very idea!

"It's a wonder I never thought of that before.

"The girls must be all grown up by this time, and married, perhaps, some of them.

"Even little Patty, the youngest of all, is a woman grown, and a good housekeeper, I'll be bound, or she would be no daughter of Jane's.

"As for hiring a housekeeper, I've had enough of that—going off without a moment's warning, and leaving me to the tender mercies of old aunt Cindy.

"However, I must write to Jane at once, for I shall certainly commit suicide, or go demented, if this state of anarchy continues much longer."

Having supplemented his request with the offer of a liberal salary, Squire Berrian received a prompt answer from Sister Jane.

"Phronie, the eldest girl was married," she wrote.

"And Cyrena, the second, was engaged, and was making preparations for her own wedding.

"Roxie had been sick, and could not leave home at present, but Patty, the youngest, might go and keep house for her uncle.

"And Patty is the best housekeeper of the lot," concluded Sister Jane.

"I'm glad it's Patty, after all," mused the squire, as he drove down to the station to bring her out, "though I haven't seen her since she was nine years old.

"That's twelve years ago.

"Bless me, how time flies!

"Is it possible I shall be forty years on my next birthday?"

It was possible certainly, for it was a fact.

But nevertheless the forty years must have dealt kindly with the squire, for his firm erect figure, his raven hair, and clear piercing grey-black eyes, might have belonged to a much younger man.

"And so this is little Patty," he said, casting a pleased glance at the tall slender girl who stood before him in her pretty traveling suit, her fair, rounded cheeks dimpled with smiles and blushes.

"And you are going to be my little housekeeper, and order aunt Cindy around, and take care of your old uncle generally, Patty?" said the squire, as they drove home over the grassy road behind a span of sleek prancing bays.

"Yes, uncle," said Patty demurely, dropping her golden eyelashes over a pair of the bluest eyes Squire Berrian had ever seen.

"How bashful she is," he thought.

"Not at all like Sister Jane.

"I never knew her to be bashful in my life."

Bashful or not, Patty proved an excellent housekeeper, and her uncle never ceased congratulating himself on obtaining such a treasure.

"I don't know what I should do without you now, Patty," he said.

"I am just beginning to know what a home should be.

"I hope you won't be getting married and going to keep house for some other fellow," he added, half in jest.

"Oh, no indeed!" promised Patty, blushing at the very thought.

"The child is as timid as a wood thrush," thought the squire.

They were seated in the vine-wreathed porch, on the shady side of the brown old farmhouse.

The squire sat tilted back in his easy, split-bottomed chair, lazily fanning himself with his broad-brimmed hat, while Patty, with a stray gleam of sunshine flecking her golden braids, rocked back and forth in a low sewing-chair, some bits of scarlet needlework in her lap.

"Good evening, Squire Berrian.

"I didn't suppose you would be home this time of day."

Patty winced at the shrill, sharp tones of Miss Prudence Ketchum, whose angular figure suddenly loomed upon the porch before them.

Miss Prudence cast a sharp, scrutinizing glance at Patty, then turned, with a melting smile towards the squire.

"I have been told that my second cousin, Patty Crampton, was keeping house for you," she explained; "so I made bold to run over and see her this afternoon.

"I've been visiting at my sister's over on Muddy, and just got back to-day and heard Patty was here.

"The dear child must be home-sick, so far away from her folks."

"She must speak for herself," said the squire, placing a chair for Miss Prudence Ketchum.

"But where is she?" demanded the visitor.

"Why here," said the squire.

"I thought you were acquainted, as she is your cousin, you say."

"That?"

"Yes," he said.

The very ruffles on Miss Ketchum's lilac sun-bonnet shook with severity and righteous indignation as she cast a withering glance at Patty.

"Squire Berrian, that's no more Patty Crampton than you are!

"You've been imposed on."

"Then who is she?" demanded the squire.

Miss Ketchum tossed up her head and untied her bonnet-string in her excitement.

"Who is she?

"An impostor of course!

"Who else could she be?"

"Miss Prudence," said the squire sternly, "there is a mystery here which I will unravel if you will give me the opportunity.

"Whatever Patty's motive was, it was a good one, I am sure."

"Oh, indeed!" snapped Miss Prudence Ketchum.

"It's very easy for some folks to be imposed on by a doll-baby face and a lot of yellow hair!

"But I thank my stars I never imposed on anybody in my life."

"I don't doubt it," said the squire grimly, while Miss Prudence, mortally offended, whisked out of the gate, shutting it behind her with a sharp click, like the sound of a steel trap.

"Now, Patty, explain everything to me.

"You can do so, I am sure," he said, in a kind voice.

"Yes," said the supposed Patty, with brimming eyes and blushing cheeks, "I can explain it.

"I—I am a—an impostor, as—as she said.

"I was at Mrs. Crampton's," she went on, choking back a sob, "when they got your letter—and it seemed as if none of the girls would go to keep house for you, and I wanted a situation very much indeed; but of course I could not come only as—as—as——

"As my niece," said the squire, gravely; "of course."

"It was Mrs. Crampton herself who first thought of it, and she said it would be no harm at all; and I looked a little like your niece, and so——"

"And so they persuaded you to personate Patty, and be my little housekeeper," said the squire.

"Very good indeed!

"I am quite satisfied."

"But I can't stay any longer," sobbed Patty.

"And I don't know what to do.

"I can't do anything but keep house," she said.

"And I cannot give you up my little housekeeper, said the squire.

"So, Patty—I must call you Patty, you see—since you are no longer my niece, will you be my wife?"

And Patty dried her tears, blushed rosier than ever, and said she would.

"And do you know," she said, "my name really is Patty, after all — Patty Darling!"

"Then it always will be Patty Darling, even when you are Mrs. Allan Berrian."

* * * * * *

"Well, I never heard the beat of that in my born days," grumbled Miss Prudence Ketchum, when she heard of the wedding.

"I saw that girl was a sly artful piece the minute I set eyes on her, so I ain't surprised that she fooled the squire into marrying her.

"But to think Jane Crampton should have come all that distance to superintend the wedding beats me.

"Jane will never come half that distance to help at my wedding, and me her own husband's cousin too."

Miss Prudence must have been a true prophet, for Jane never did come to her wedding.

In fact, Miss Prudence never had any wedding for her to come to.

JOKING IN ENGLISH SCHOOLS.—Woolwich and Sandhurst—perhaps Sandhurst especially—have the most appalling traditions of practical joking as practiced in the old times, twenty or thirty years ago. The young fellows lived a kind of military monastic life, had nothing to refine them, and not much to amuse them except bullying and malpractices. The pretty island in the lake at Sandhurst is said to have witnessed scenes which is quite impossible to report. Newly joined cadets were called "Newxes," and were kept in order with a ferocity scarcely known to Winchester in the good old times, or the Long Chamber at Eton. Buckled belts and brass-tipped wickets were freely used by the Seniors as instruments of correction. We do not know whether the scene in Mr. Payn's "Foster Brothers," in which two cadets nearly murder each other, is an effort of memory or of imagination. It is certain that the oral tradition of men scarcely middle-aged is rich in similar stories. The Chinese knife-throwing trick was practiced at victims, some of whom now bear honorable scars. Newxes were set on high piles of furniture, and then brought down by Seniors, who threw stools at the pile. The legend of a boy roasted to death when his playful companions were at dinner is so widely distributed amongst schools that we thankfully take it for a myth, like the roasting of a King of Spain. The tale of the boy hung out of the window of a frosty night, and found dead in the morning, may be equally mythological. But assuming these to be false, many of those true ones told of English students are almost as bad.

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away.

An Old Bachelor.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

"MISS TILLIE, Miss Tillie!"

"Yes."

"He's an old bachelor, Susan Kite says."

"Mercy on us, Kizzy Jones. Who's an old bachelor?"

Miss Tillie Bell, who had been meditating deeply as to whether scarlet, orange or green would be best to begin with in working a motto, had evidently not paid due heed to the opening remarks of her handmaid.

Kizzy gave her broom a flourish, and replied to her mistress's question.

"The feller that's took the cottage back yonder on the hill. I don't reckon he is overly young.

"He's kinder grey, but not very, jest a leetle grain, an' what do you think he's been a-doin' all the mornin'?"

"Goodness me, Keziah, how should I know?"

"Been a-plantin' marigolds in his front yard all the blessed mornin'. Bought a whole lot of packages of seed, Susan said, every one marigolds."

"Dear me, what a funny man!" said Miss Bell.

But as Kizzy hung up the broom and disappeared the large cardboard motto slid on to the floor on the one side of her and the skeins of worsted on the other, all in a tangle of vivid color, and Miss Tillie forgot them, forgot the present entirely, and sat with her hands folded and her soft eyes looking out to the line of hills across the fields.

It was the word "marigolds" that had sent her thoughts wandering, so often will one simple word waken a whole train of recollections.

There was sadness mingled with these fondly stirred remembrances, a sadness that had come to her through her first and only romance.

She was young when that happened.

Even now she was pretty and pink and plump.

Then she was slender and pale, and Joe Gifford had seen the wide world in her eyes and there had been promises, and an engagement-ring, and a little brown cottage bought, back on the hill, with a funny, straggly, red-bud tree in a corner of the bit of front yard, and Tillie, who had very little money of her own in those days, invested five cents in a paper of marigold seed to beautify the yard.

"For," she said, "marigolds are such a hearty jolly kind of flowers. There is so much satisfaction in them."

But just as they had come up and begun to bloom in huge brilliant masses of golden-yellow and velvet-red-brown, three weeks before the wedding-day, what was it took all the light out of them—all the suggestive beauty and sweetness out of the brown cottage.

What but a horrible quarrel with Joe—a quarrel in which they had both acted with the wisdom and common sense of a couple of benighted children fighting over something as important as a rag doll and breathing deadly threats against each other!

And Joe had vowed to fill up a barrel of paper, and pulling up every marigold by the roots throwing them spitefully across the street, as near Tillie's home as possible, where they lay, a heap of bright color, fading and withering in the sun.

It was night when little figure, all in gray dress, trying to look as much like a shadow as possible, had slipped out of the house in the faint light of a crescent moon and gathered up one little velvet-red marigold from the heap moist with dew, and if that marigold, all dead and dry, was in one of Miss Tillie's boxes upstairs now, why no one but Tillie had any suspicion of it.

And Joe had sold the cottage and gone away.

"And he can stay away while the world lasts, for all of me," Tillie had said, remembering how he had called her an obstinate little jade, though to be sure she had called him an ogre.

Tillie was a devout little woman, and was [illegible] to the merciful heavenly [illegible], yet her treasuring of the dead marigold was not to soften Joe's heart to her, as [illegible] times it kept her up.

"And as I say to myself," she said, "there were not higher duties in life than thinking of an obstinate goose of a man with a bad temper."

And yet how many, many tears she had shed over that little dead marigold in the box.

For Tillie was not so unforgiving as she had tried to be.

And now a man had taken the brown cottage on the hill—a bachelor, not "overly" young, who had been planting marigolds all the morning.

Well, Joe could not be overly young now.

Suppose this man should be Joe?

Kizzy's head was poked inside the door.

"Miss Tillie," said she, "he's a-goin' to be neighborly, the fellow with the marigolds is."

As the head disappeared, Miss Tillie snapped the thread of her reverie, gave her head an impatient little toss, and poking up her motto and her wool, began to work busily.

"Well, well," she half-sighed, "if people do their duty, there is no doubt that things will come out all right some time."

Kizzy came flying in red and giggling, with some one stalking solemnly behind her.

"Here he is, Miss Tillie, that's him," she said, choking a titter, and pointing to a square-shouldered man in the doorway, whose thick brown hair was slightly tinged with gray.

It was Joe Gifford, not looking so very different from what he had in the old days.

"Tillie," said he, without any [illegible] at all, "I've come back and bought the cooking [illegible] again, and [illegible] the [illegible].

"And I was just [illegible] we'd better [illegible] the [illegible] we broke [illegible]?"

"I thought," flustered Tillie, "Kizzy said——"

"'Twasn't me, 'twas Susan Kite said it, when she fetched the milk this evenin'—said her brother Jeff was in the store and heerd the men a-axin of him," pointing her elbow at Joe, "if he was a-goin to git married, and he said—'You had better reckon I am.'"

"And so I am if she'll have me," answered Joe, coming forward.

"Kizzy, you run and feed the chickens, or the cat, or something, my dear."

And as she disappeared with an unsuppressed giggle, Joe went straight to Tillie, and dropping down beside her chair, tangled her wools all up by catching her hands as she was picking at a knot.

"What impertinence," said Tillie.

"Do you suppose I have forgotten what a scamp you were?

"Have you reformed?"

"I don't know," he answered seriously.

"I have tried.

"And what does your motto say?

"'Charity suffereth long and is kind.'

"I know that you are kind and sweet, Tillie.

"Dearest Tillie, try me again."

"Ah, Joe," sighed Tillie, "we both have need of heaven's help.

"If we go there for strength and help, we shall learn the lesson to be kind to each other."

"And when shall we be married, Tillie?" Joe asked.

"Oh, not till the marigolds bloom," Tillie answered.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SEA.—The Virgin patroness of seaside temples and chapels. As early as 200 A. D. we find her aid efficacious. The Varangians attacked Constantinople about that time with a Russian fleet, and the good Bishop Photius was able to raise a storm and destroy this fleet with the mantle of Our Lady of Blachernes. The Virgin, as related in the account of spectral lights and apparitions, saved from shipwreck Philip, [illegible] century, the [illegible] of Salisbury, (1220,) Edward III. and Edward IV. of England. The [illegible] were [illegible] English [illegible] by a storm, exclaimed, "Oh! blessed Mary, holy Lady! what is it, and what does it portend, that in going to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with me; [illegible] [illegible] fortunes befall me?" The storm, the account says, immediately subsided. The latter superstition [illegible] to that [illegible] and Saint George, and amongst other saints he specially prayed Saint Anne to help him." Joinville says a sailor, who fell overboard during the voyage to St. Louis to France, was asked why he did not swim. He replied that it was only necessary to exclaim, "Our Lady of Vallert!" and that she supported him by the shoulders until he was picked up. There was a statue at Venice, according to Moryson, that performed great miracles. A merchant vowed perpetual gifts of wax candles in gratitude for being saved by the light of a candle on a dark night. This statue and that of St. Mark were saluted by ships. Admiral Howard wrote to Henry VIII.: "I have given Capt. Arthur liberty to go home, for when he was in extreme danger he called upon Our Lady of Walsingham for health and comfort, and made a vow that [illegible] God and her to deliver [illegible] out of the peril he would never eat [illegible] until he had seen her." Erasmus [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] "that [illegible] they were singing their Salve Regina, imploring the Virgin Mother, calling her the Star of the Sea, the Queen of Heaven, &c." "In ancient times Venus took care of mariners, because she was supposed to be born of the sea, and because she left off taking care of them the Virgin Mother was put in her place." He says one sailor tried to float ashore on a rotten and worm-eaten image of the Virgin.

A SINGLE GRAIN.—A German writer calculates that a single grain of wheat producing fifty grains the subsequent year, and each year renown, would in the twelfth year produce enough to feed all the people in the world for a generation. The estimate of fifty grains from one seed is theoretically not too much, as it is often exceeded by single grains carefully sown; but in practice we find that the average sowing of one and a half or two bushels of seeds per acre produces a crop of ten to forty bushels which at the best is not much more than twenty-five grains for each seed.

FOR a little lady of two and a half years this will do. She had picked up a cane in the corner of the room and was playing with it—a plain stick bent at the end. To a [illegible] "What are you doing with the [illegible]?" [illegible] "What is it, then." "It's an umbrella without any clothes on it."

WHEN one is sick advice is plenty, but not always the best. A good rule is to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] years of the present [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

THE NOBLE TAILOR

BY ARION.

THERE was, once upon a time, a tailor named Witteklnd, who dreamt three nights running that he was a lord, and on the morning after the third night he received a legacy of five gold pieces.

"You see my dreams have come true," he said to his wife; "now I have only to go out into the world and take possession of my lands."

His wife tried to persuade him to give up this plan, but he turned a deaf ear to her; and, packing up a small bundle of clothes and food, set out on his travels.

At the end of the first day he found himself in a large town, and being both tired and hungry, he went into an inn and called for something to drink.

When he had finished the first bottle he called for a second, and then for a third and fourth, until his money was all spent, and the landlord turned him out in the street as a drunken, good-for-nothing fellow.

Witteklnd staggered along, saying to himself "I see now that I am destined to possess such handsome buildings, and such well-paved streets.

I wish my wife were here, that she might see how foolish she was to try and prevent my coming."

Just then he came to two men fighting in the street.

"What is this unseemly brawl?" shouted the tailor.

"Peace, varlets; do you not see who I am?"

The men stopped a moment astonished, and asked—"And who may you be, good sir?"

"Do you not see I am the lord of this town," answered the tailor.

At this the men laughed, and turning their endeavors on the tailor, they gave him a sound drubbing, and drove him out of the town.

It was a long time before the poor fellow could get to sleep, on account of his aching bones; but at last he did so, under a tree at the edge of a forest.

He was awakened by a pull at his coat, and on starting up he found it was occasioned by a fox, who had smelt out his provisions and was trying to make off with them.

"Hollo!" said the tailor—"Do you know who I am?"

"I pray, forgive me," said the fox.

"I am almost dying of hunger, and most humbly beg for a little of your food."

"Know that I am the lord of these lands," declared the tailor.

"Forgive my ignorance, most noble lord," cried the fox, "and take compassion on my weakness."

Then the tailor, much pleased at the respect the cunning fox showed him, gave him all his food, saying—

"It is the part of the lord to feed his hungry subjects—take this, and welcome."

After the fox had satisfied himself, the tailor said—"Now, good fox, summon all my subjects living in these lands.

I wish to address them in order to make myself known to them as their lord."

So the fox fetched the bear and the wolf, the wild boar and the stag, the hare, the rabbit, and many others, and they all came and stood round the tree under which the tailor was seated.

Then Witteklnd stood up and said—"Dutiful subjects and most noble beasts, I am your liege lord."

Here the fox stepped forward, and making a low bow, said—"May it please your lordship, we have never had a lord before, and we do not know what it means."

"A lord," said the tailor, "is bound to protect the weak against the strong, to provide food for the hungry, and justice for all his subjects."

Here all the animals, much pleased, made approving noises, and the tailor went on—"And in return his loyal subjects are bound to provide him with food and lodging."

As every one agreed to this, the most noble tailor dismissed them to their homes, whilst he himself continued his way.

About noon he awoke hungry, and calling the fox, the wolf, and the bear, commanded them each to bring him some meat.

The fox soon returned with a pullet, the wolf with a lamb, and the bear with a sucking pig he had stolen from the wild boar's litter.

The tailor made a fire and roasted portions of his prey, devouring the rest among his dutiful subjects, and then, well pleased, he prepared to stroll among his domains. Just then a poor bedraggled lion came fluttering up and said—"Most puissant lord, I beg for justice and revenge.

A most beloved chicken has lately been snatched away from my brood, and hearing that you were willing to protect the weak against the strong, I flew to request your assistance."

"Justice shall be done at all cost, madam," replied the tailor, anxious to show his power.

Accordingly, he again summoned his subjects around him, and prepared to discover the offender.

Before he began, however, an owl flapped up, asking that the murderer of her lamb might also be punished; and the wild boar, with her litter about her, demanded justice on the bear.

"Softly, softly, good people," said the tailor

"One at a time, if you please.

"Dame Partlet, whom do you accuse of the murder of your daughter?"

"The fox, if you please, my lord.

"See, the feathers still hang about his mouth."

The tailor now was in great straits, for he perceived that it was in executing his commands that the chicken had been killed.

"Where do you live, my good woman" asked he.

"On Farmer Peasecod's farm," answered the hen, sobbing.

"Then, I fear, I can give you little satisfaction," replied the tailor, "for that place is just beyond my domains. You may leave the Court."

The fox here stepped forward and said he was sorry he had brought trouble into so excellent a family as he knew Dame Partlet's to be, but to make amends he would himself lead Dame Partlet out of the wood; and accordingly they went off together.

The tailor got out of the difficulty about the wolf and the lamb in the same way; and the wolf showed himself as generous as the fox in apologizing for his conduct, and in escorting the trembling ewe towards home.

"These beasts are more docile and reasonable than men," thought the tailor, and he prepared to give judgment in the last case with even greater confidence.

"The bear has killed one of my pigs and I will have one of his cubs," said the boar, foaming with rage.

"Silence!" shouted the tailor.

"Bruin," said he, "what made you kill one of loyal subjects?"

"You told me to do so," said Bruin, sulkily rocking himself from side to side.

"I did not," said the tailor.

"I ordered you to bring me food; in doing so you broke the laws.

"I order you now, in expiation your offence, to give up one of your cubs to the boar."

The bear said nothing, but opened his arms and advanced towards the tailor.

"Nay," said this one, who now began to tremble for his life.

"As this is a first offence, I pardon."

But here the boar rushed forward. "I will have a cub," he cried.

The poor judge now gave himself up for lost, and took to his heels, closely followed by the boar and Bruin, who would soon have caught him had they not jostled against each other, and thus diverted their attention from him by a quarrel between themselves, which only ended in the death of both.

The tailor meanwhile escaped, and made the best of his way home.

"I have been lord of man and beast," he said to his wife, "but I resigned both dignities of my own accord.

"There is so little justice and respect of law left on earth, that I cannot reconcile myself to hold any office of responsibility."

So he settled down to his needle again, much to his wife's content.

DOLLY'S LITTLE BIRD.

BY PIPKIN.

IT was a wild and stormy October day, and the golden leaves of autumn had been driven and dashed about from morning till evening; and the little birds had been twittering sadly and anxiously together, round the house where Dolly lived, as the great white flakes of snow had begun to join in the riot, and the ground and trees were becoming white as the evening faded into night.

Every spare moment, in her busy day Dolly had snatched to steal to the window and watch the commotion outside; and now, as twilight drew on, to her great distress, she saw a swallow struggling with the wind and rain, battered and driven hither and thither in its feeble attempts to gain some sheltered spot.

Dolly threw the window wide open and exclaimed:

"Oh! little swallow, why did you stay here in our cold country when all your brothers and sisters were flying far away, to another home in some sunny country, while the snow falls here?"

And she stretched out her hands to the fluttering bird, and as she did so the wind dashed it right into her arms; and it clung tremoling and shaking to her sleeve, and huddled itself against her for protection.

Dolly closed the casement and clasped it in her warm fingers, and breathed upon it tenderly, saying to herself as she did so—

"You must have been too weak to fly far away with the other birdies, but you have come to me, and I will make a winter home for you.

I promise you, my bird: yes, I promise you," she repeated with all her might, "that every day till the spring comes back and you can fly away again, you shall have all you need from me.

"I will never forget you.

And Dolly would have kept her promise without fail, as far as she had been able to do it, for she was a faithful and constant child, and true in all she undertook; but the bird did not know this, and day by day he wore out his life, beating incessantly against the bars of his cage, vainly striving for a liberty which would have been fatal to him.

Dolly was grieved to the heart.

She coaxed and petted him, she nursed and sang to him, and she fed him with unceasing care; but one bright morning, to her utter pain, she found the bird cold and dead, with his soft square head stiffened, while still pointing upwards to the blue sky he had so vainly tried to reach.

Dolly fled to her mother's arms, and there, between her sobs, she poured out her grief, and told her in other how tender she had been to him and how constant she meant to be, and how when the first swallows came home again she was going to let him fly away with his tribe.

Dolly's mother comforted her as well as she could.

"Do not cry, my girlie; the little bird did not know that you would take such care of him.

"Dry your eyes, my child, and do not fret so sadly."

But Dolly was very sorrowful all day, and for several days.

Some other thoughts were in the mother's mind, but she did not tell them to Dolly just then.

The winter came cold and bitter, and with it came sorrow to Dolly's mother, for Dolly fell ill; and when the snow had melted away and the early flowers were beginning to wake out of their long sleep, Dolly still lay on her couch by the kitchen fire, silent and pale and patient, following, with her anxious eyes, every movement of her tired mother as she went and came about her work.

"Dolly, child," said the mother one day, sitting down by the couch, and taking one of the wasted hands in her, "you don't seem to mend, my girlie; you're no better in looks than you were a month ago, when I first carried you down.

"Do you feel a bit better, Dolly?"

"No, mother," said Dolly plaintively, as she gazed into her mother's care-worn face.

"I think sometimes," said her mother hesitatingly, "that you're complaining at God for making you ill. Are you, think you, Dolly?

"Oh, no, mother," said Dolly, in an awe-struck whisper, "I'm not doing that," and the tears began to roll down her white cheeks.

"There, childie, don't take on, then," said the mother tenderly, as she took Dolly into her arms.

"I thought that was not like my little Dolly.

"But what is it grieves you, then, my girlie? for there's something on your mind; I can tell that from your face."

"It's you, mother," sobbed Dolly; "I'm fretting for you.

You've got it all to do for father and for the lads and little 'uns; and I can't help you, mother, and you're so tired and weary and I'm only a burden to you," and Dolly laid her face upon her mother's shoulder and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"There, there, hush, my girlie; hush thee, my little love," whispered her mother, as she gently rocked Dolly backwards in her arms as if she had been a baby.

"I've a bit to say to you, dear, when you can listen to me;" and presently, when Dolly lay quite still, she went on very softly and soothingly—

"Have you forgotten the bird you took in from the snow and wind, in the cold October days, Dolly?

"No, I know you haven't.

"Tell me, then, what ails that bird here now to sit on your hand and chirp to you, and to fly away when the spring birds come back again?"

"Is it that it died for want of food or water, dear, or for want of warmth and care?

"No, not that, Dolly; but it is because it beat its little life away against the bars of its cage.

"You put it in for its own good, to keep it safe till the spring came back again, and then you'd have let it fly away to the fields and the other birds; but it did not know that, dear; and it strove, in its ignorance, for a freedom it couldn't have; and so it died.

"And you will do the same, Dolly, and fade away, fretting and pining for strength again before He sees fit to give it you.

"Do you know, childie, you are beating against the bars of your cage like the swallow that knew no better?

"Who said, Dolly, that not so much as a sparrow should fall to the ground and Him not know it?

"Ah, but I'd try and trust Him, my girlie; when your spring time comes He'll let you fly away again, never fear.

"And as for me, Dolly, do you think that if He opened the door I would fly out of my cage?

"No, that I wouldn't.

"Who should work for thee if not thy mother?

"Nay, my girlie, trust your mother to Him.

"He that made your cage made hers too, and when her spring time comes He'll never deny but open and let her fly.

"Seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night shall not cease," she went on softly, as if she were talking to herself.

"Seed time, that's the spring, you know, Dolly; spring shall not fail.

"No; it will come as sure as the sun rises and sets; and our spring time will come too, whether it's sooner or later, or whether it's here or hereafter.

"That I know! Eh! I know that full well," she ended, almost in a whisper.

Dolly's eyes had closed slowly as her mother talked to her, and a sweet, restful expression stole over the pale face, and a smile rested on her parted lips as her mother laid her down on her little couch again.

And Dolly's were the happy eyes to catch sight of the first swallow, one soft, sweet-scented April day, as he came darting over the trees on his homeward journey, and settled on the roof of the house where Dolly lived.

"He flew right on, mother!" said Dolly, looking up with her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed with pleasure, "over the trees and the barn.

"He seemed to know exactly where he was going to.

"Isn't it nice, mother, to have the first swallow coming back here?"

"And my little bird came back to me before ever the swallows came, bless her!" said Dolly's mother, stooping over the little girl and folding her in her arms.

"I was like to have lost her once—I can't bear now to think how like, and there's no call to.

"I tried to be patient at the thought, for I knew she'd go to her beautiful country like the swallows, but she'd never have come back again, and I little know what I should have done without her.

"The Lord gave.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord." Ah! Dolly, but I am thankful I haven't got to say the other half of that.

"Some folks can say it best, I think, but I can't, my girlie.

"I can say this best."

"Ah, mother," said Dolly, with a tender laugh, "it's always your way to think you can say best what you've got to say."

WOMEN ARTISTS.—Art has always been a favorite pursuit with women; and it is a remarkable fact that, whenever women have at any time devoted themselves to the study of any art, or the exercise of any talent, they have for the most part acquitted themselves well, and have frequently acquired fame and distinction.

We especially find at the beginning of the sixteenth century, while Italian art was still in a flourishing condition, many women distinguished in painting and sculpture.

The foremost among these was Properzia de Rossi, who was born at Bologna in the year 1501. The historian calls her "a maiden of rich gifts, who was equally excellent with others in the disposition of household matters, while she gained a point of distinction in many sciences well calculated to awaken the envy, not of women only, but of men also." She was remarkably beautiful, a proficient in music, and an inspired singer.

Her first artistic effort was the carving of peach-stones, a work demanding extraordinary skill and patience, and producing marvellous effects. The crucifixion, comprising a vast number of figures, all delicately treated, and admirably arranged, carved upon a single peach stone, must indeed have been a complicated and wonderful work.

Of these stones not one well-authenticated specimen exists at the present day. There is, however, a cherry-stone, preserved in the cabinet of gems at Florence, representing no less than sixty heads, carved with infinite care, which was the work of this artist. Of her marbles there are many fine specimens extant; her first bust, that of the Count Guido de Pepoli, which obtained for her commission for the marble figures in basreliefs on the gates of the façade of the Church of San Petronio, is now placed over a door in the interior of that building.

The subject of the sculptures is the flight of Joseph from Potiphar's wife; the detaining gesture of the female figure is characterized by inexpressible grace and beauty. The artist is said to have given vent to the agony of a hopeless love in this beautiful work.

There were other of her productions in the same church, from among which may be selected for excellence the figures of two angels in the chapel that contains Tribolo's Assumption of the Virgin. Properzia de Rossi's fame extended throughout Italy, and Clement VII. sent for her to visit him after the coronation of the Emperor Charles V. in 1530; but the unhappy woman had recently died of a broken heart, through the infidelity of the lover to whom she was engaged.

POWER OF UNSELFISHNESS.—The best bred people never think of themselves—or do not appear to do so—but only of the pleasure they give to others. In all French history no woman had a stronger fascination [illegible] never came within her reach than Madame Recamier. She was called [illegible] portraits proved that her beauty was not to be compared with that of many less charming women. And even when attraction of person had long passed away, and she was an old woman, her sway over the hearts of others was as powerful as ever. What was her secret? It was this [illegible] only—her genuine and unaffected interest in the good and ill fortunes of her friends. She was ever ready with her sympathy and counsel. Authors came to her and read her their books; painters came to her with their pictures; statesmen with their projects. She was sweet and simple, unconsciously, as a rose is sweet. She really cared for the happiness and success of others and they felt the genuineness of her sympathy. It surrounded her with an [illegible] charm. Let any girl try Madame [illegible] experiment. M. S.

Free of charge—An empty gun.

***"Winter finds out what Summer lays by." Kidney-Wort cures in Winter and in Summer. There is scarcely a person to be found who will not be greatly benefited by a thorough course of Kidney-Wort every spring. If you cannot prepare the dry buy the liquid. It has the same effect.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY W. H. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight,—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,—
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

ABOUT SUICIDES.

IT is a question of moment to know what steps can be taken to prevent death by suicide, or to decrease its volume. One well worthy our serious consideration, whether we view the movement as one to prevent the commission of crime, regarding it as our laws always have done, as a criminal offense to take one's life, or to punish the offender for its commission.

Notwithstanding the philosophy and teachings of the stoics and ancient philosophers, there are few countries, or peoples, who do not now regard suicide as a crime.

"It is lawful for him to die who does not wish to live," was the motto of the stoics, who claimed that every man had the right to dispose of himself as he pleased. Indeed, in that philosophy, it was contended that when the ills of life became too great for endurance, or one became an object of danger, disgust, dread, or to save from dishonor, it was not only the right, but the duty, to take one's own life.

The maxims of Montaigne were doubtless based on similar considerations:

"A voluntary death is the most beautiful."

"Life depends upon the will of others; death upon our own."

Among the Hindoos, Chinese, Japanese, and many savage tribes of men, suicide has been justified under certain conditions, and held up as a duty in others.

The death of Cato by his own hand was doubtless from his determination not to owe his life to Cæsar, whose power he had not before recognized, and would not condescend to do so then.

The cynics, as well as the epicurean school of philosophers, also justified suicide. Diogenes and a large number of his most illustrious disciples died by their own hands.

The epicureans taught suicide as commendable, and a duty, under certain circumstances; but in ancient, and modern times as well, the laws of most countries have branded suicide as a crime, and punished it frequently with great severity.

The Roman law punished the suicide with a refusal of honorable burial.

Both Plato and Aristotle taught that punishment should follow the suicide, and he was also punished by confiscation of his goods in certain cases.

While in Greece honors were refused the memory of the suicide, his name was made infamous, and the body refused the usual Grecian rites.

By the canon law the person committing suicide was regarded as a criminal and forbidden the prayers of the Church, with other severe penalties.

In France, from the earliest times, and in the middle ages, the influence of the canon law was felt upon the statute legislation to punish suicide.

Prior to the abrogation of these severe laws in 1791, frightful penalties were visited on the bodies of the suicide, and their goods were confiscated.

In England the Roman and canon law both found exponents in the early English statutes.

Under King Edgar the suicide was refused Christian burial, and his goods confiscated unless insane or grievously sick.

The old English custom of burying the body at cross roads pierced by a stake was stopped by act of 4, George IV., ordering their burial at night between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock.

These early English laws are not all abrogated; many of them are still upon the statute books, but have fallen into general disuse, and may be regarded as almost obsolete.

By general concurrence in the present age, it may safely be stated that, in all civilized countries suicide is regarded as a crime, because it is an offence against the laws regulating and ordering the general welfare of society.

Grains of Gold.

When anger rises, think of the consequences.

Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.

One triumphs over a calumny only in scorning it.

The wise man never makes the same blunder twice.

The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

Good breeding is the result of nature, and not of education.

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion.

He who can plant courage in a human soul is the best physician.

Don't use your voice for loud speaking or singing when hoarse.

Hypocrisy becomes a necessity for those who live scandalously.

The man who is always right, finds everyone else always wrong.

Some sort of charity will swallow the egg and give away the shell.

An indiscreet man is like an unsealed letter—every one can read it.

Who is lavish with promises, is apt to be penurious in performances.

He who pretends to be everybody's particular friend, is nobody's.

In contemplation of created things, by steps we may ascend to God.

Give due attention to the appeals of the distressed and helpless. Our duty is to succor those in trouble.

Learn the true value of time; snatch and enjoy every moment. Never fall a prey to idleness or procrastination.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.

There are persons who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people.

Lost wealth may be regained by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by medicine; but lost time is gone forever.

It is what we save, and not what we make, that brings support. It is foolish to spend as we go with no thought of to-morrow.

Suffering and knowledge lie very near each other; and he who has not passed through the one, will never gain much of the other.

The intellectual power to discover the best path, or the right course, is far more commonly possessed than the practical power to follow it.

Many a man who thinks he carries a great enterprise on his shoulders, is simply round-shouldered by carrying a big load of conceit.

A man has no right to occupy such high moral grounds that he is constantly so far above his fellows that he can be of no earthly assistance to them.

When you are looking at a picture, you give it the advantage of a good light. Be at least as courteous to your fellow-creatures as you are to a picture.

Politeness is the legitimate result of good nature and good sense; it is therefore wholly distinct from any factitious circumstance of birth, education, wealth, or talent.

Charity, the most lovely of virtues, represents others as lovely as possible. It does not merely let us see an object as it is; it is a kind of sunshine that brightens what it lets us see.

Earnestness is a good quality; but, like everything else, it has to be kept in subordination to common sense, and exercised prudently and with due regard to the rights of others.

A few strong instincts and a few plain rules should govern us, and among them one ought, if possible, to cherish an undying love of truth—not abstract truth, but the every-day article.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Femininities.

Do the teeth usurp the functions of the tongue when they chatter?

Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault.

The adoption of velvet for evening dresses has led to its being used largely for bridal toilets.

A scientific paper says: "Keep your mirrors away from the sun." And your daughters, too, if you can.

Experience has taught a St. Louis tonsorial artist that woman as a barber is not an unqualified success.

A bit of cotton batting sprinkled with black pepper, wet with sweet oil and inserted in the ear, will cure earache.

To preserve bright grates or fireside from rust, make a paste of fresh lime and water, and smear it over the surface requiring preservation.

The Queen of Great Britain is now sovereign over a continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers, and something over 10,000 islands.

Said a noted housekeeper: When neighbors speak of my bread, I like to have them say it is light. When they speak of my baby, I want them to say it is heavy.

The number of distinguished female violinists is so constantly on the increase that the gentlemen players of the future will have difficulty in holding their own.

A Chicago man, who was sleeping with a brace of revolvers under his pillow, was robbed the other night. He has sold his revolvers and married a woman who snores.

In the Maine Reform School they have a lively way of teaching boys not to swear. When a boy is caught uttering an oath, the teachers put red pepper in his mouth.

"I'm in favor of women voting, if they want to," said a political orator. "I'd like to see the man who'd make us vote if we didn't want to!" exclaimed a female auditor.

"Aunt Marjorie" says, in an exchange, it is very strange that many Christian women have either a pronounced aversion to, or a nervous horror of, a ladies' prayer meeting.

The extremity of forethought: Methodical man going through the formalities of an introduction: Let me present you, sir, to my wife and daughter. The elder lady is my wife.

"A man should reach her prime between forty and fifty," says an author of note. But, alas! too many have shrunken cheeks, sallow complexions, and fretful faces at that age.

It is surprising how willingly a young man will get up at three in the morning to go fishing, who has hard work to get down at seven when his mother is in a hurry to get breakfast over.

If your wife is sensitive, do not ignore the fact. Refrain from jesting with her on a subject in which there is the least danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter.

Some young men have the pretty habit of appropriating the handkerchiefs and gloves of their young lady friends and keeping them as souvenirs; and some of them boast that their rooms are profusely decorated with such trophies.

The way a Roman girl bows to you is very funny. She shrugs her left shoulder to her left ear, and turning her face over this left shoulder, nods to you. This is the latest in bowing in Roman high life.

Flowers as table ornaments at dinner parties are not as much used this as last season, and the florists are very much disgusted. Huge candlesticks of brass are now the popular dinner-table decorations.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has just decided that if a husband prosecutes his wife he must pay for her defense, but if she prosecutes him she cannot expect him to pay for his own prosecution.

The visite, with large open sleeves, is one of the most elegant cloaks of the season. It is made of repped silk strewn with large brocaded plush feathers, flowers or balls, and is trimmed with a roche of marabout feathers or chenille.

Many a girl has had her whole happiness for life destroyed because she obstinately chose to form the estimate of the character of a suitor exclusively by his behavior towards her, and his professions of love, rather than by his conduct towards others.

At a dinner party in New York the other day they had a gilt-bound tank in the centre of the table, in which were swimming turtles, goldfish and frogs. During the meal the frogs attacked the fish, and the tank had to be removed to pacify the ladies.

A painter was going to elope with a girl at East Saginaw, Mich., but it took him so long to climb the ladder to her window, that her father had time to go and get a policeman and arrest the marauder. If you ever employ a painter, you'll believe this.

At the funeral of a woman the other day in St. John's, N. B., the pall-bearers were six women, wearing black dresses and white veils and gloves. They carried the coffin from the house to the hearse, into and out of the church, and lowered it into the grave.

A gentleman expressed the belief the other evening at a largely attended party, that many of the beautifully arched eyebrows seen on the ladies are manufactured to order. Well, for a man who has been in society a couple of years he has made a remarkable discovery!

A number of new Parisian dresses, recently imported, show the corsage closed around the throat and cut open below it in the shape of a triangle. With this style of opening a handsome diamond pendant is worn, suspended from a diamond lace pin, which fastens the neck-band. The open space, or triangle, is not veiled by lace, but left uncovered.

News Notes.

Over 140,000 plants are known to botanists.

Easter will occur this year on the 25th of March.

The Scriptures are published in 250 languages or dialects.

The finger-nails should never be cut or cleaned in company.

Camels'-hair bonnets in braided bands are late Parisian novelties.

During the past 16 years 3,500 churches have been built in this country.

The latest thing in table-covers is coarse netting over bright-colored silk.

Tom Thumb is said to have lost all his diamonds in the Milwaukee fire.

Walking suits of velveteen are rivaling plush costumes in popular favor.

The newest linen collars are standing clerical bands with embroidered edge.

Recently the 2,000,000th watch was finished at the Waltham watch factory.

The custom of removing the glove before shaking hands is no longer obligatory.

Von Flotow, the composer of the opera "Martha," has became suddenly blind. He is over 70.

Robert Morris, the negro lawyer who recently died in Boston, left property worth over $100,000.

The mother of President Garfield spends several hours daily reading the published works of her son.

The Young Men's Christian Association of New Jersey gained 2,220 new members during the past year.

Spun-glass napkins costing one hundred dollars a dozen, are a recent addition to the supply of luxuries.

Gustave Doré, the artist, is 45 years old, has ten times as many orders as he can fill, and makes $60,000 a year.

The Pope of Rome received a Christmas present of twenty thousand dollars from the Catholics of New York.

The great-grandfather of sweet-potatoes was dug at Waco, Texas, recently. It was a yam, and weighed 22 pounds.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany have subscribed a large sum toward the erection of a new English church in Cologne.

It is rumored that Mr. Vanderbilt has offered to give New York City a "$5,000,000 art museum" if the authorities will furnish a proper site for it.

Insurance companies estimate the loss by fire throughout the Union in 1882 to be something like $70,000,000—a greater amount than in any year since 1872.

President Eliot, of Harvard College, says the students who belonged to boat, base-ball and foot-ball clubs, were not below the average in book studies.

Great Britain and Ireland have altogether about 17,000 miles of railroads; Germany has 18,500; and the United States 115,000 miles in actual operation.

Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, has commenced his campaign of economy by ordering his paper—the Boston *Post*—stopped. He thus effects a saving of $6 a year.

The stock-raisers of California estimate the aggregate value of their flocks and herds at the sum of $35,000,000. The number of horned cattle is placed at 3,250,000.

A London dentist uses a small electric lamp to illuminate the cavity of the mouth in dental operations. It is fitted into a vulcanite cap which acts as a prop to keep the jaws apart.

Albert Victor, son of the Prince of Wales, is to be educated at Christ Church, Oxford. Like his uncle, Prince Leopold, he will wear cap and gown only on occasions where they are required by law.

It is said that the life of the poet Whittier is much disturbed by women. One wealthy widow actually proposed to him, and numerous other women have made violent love to him, but without avail.

It is declared that the largest, most elegant, and in every way the finest, church building on the continent is the Cathedral of Mexico. It was built of the stones of the Aztec temple that stood on precisely the same site, and which was destroyed by Cortez.

Mr. Bliss, in his opening for the prosecution in the star route cases, spoke of one route, from Ploche to Mineral Park, which had been increased from $1,200 to $25,000, where the mail-bag started and arrived without a letter, a postal-card or a newspaper even.

Count Moltke, the head of the German army, is an inveterate snuff-taker, and has hitherto refused to use any but a common wooden snuff-box, like those of the poorest German peasants. At the recent jubilee, however, the chief officers of the German army presented him with a handsome gold snuff-box.

THE LARGEST WORKSHOP OF THE BODY is THE LIVER, whose office it is to withdraw the bile from the blood; when this important organ does not act the skin assumes a yellow appearance, and generally a sick headache sets in, with chilly sensations, and cold hands and feet, accompanied with loss of appetite. The system becomes clogged, the machinery does not work well, and both mind and body are disordered, the afflicted becoming cross and fretful, finding fault with everything around them. To any person in this condition, Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills are recommended. By their stimulating action the Liver soon recovers its healthy tone, and is enabled to perform its proper functions. Costiveness is cured, and all the aggravating symptoms of biliousness removed.

CONCERNING BELLS.

THE history of bells, in some form or other, goes back to a very remote antiquity.

Bells were known to the Jews, for a tinkling instrument is spoken of in the days of Moses, and small bells were afterwards attached to the priestly robes.

The Greek, Roman, and other nations, used them in religious ceremonies, as they did for facilitating the duties of the household, and for the general purposes of life.

Strabo, the historian, states that the responses of the oracle in the vocal woods of Dodona were partly conveyed by bells, and a monument erected by the gratitude of the Romans, upon a certain occasion, to Porsenna, was decorated with pinnacles, surmounted by bells; and towards the end of the fourth century, Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, introduced them the first into the Christian Church, for the calling together of people to worship, and from thence they gradually spread their uses abroad in all the churches of the Western Empire, and were finally adopted by the Greek Church, though the people of the East have a dislike to bells; and when the mosque supplanted the Christian Church in Constantinople, bells were disused, the sound being, to this day, a horror and an abomination to a true Moslem.

The sizes of bells, as the art of casting advanced, were considerably increased in the sixth century.

In 610, Clothaire II., Emperor of France, while besieging the city of Sens, is said to have been so dreadfully alarmed at the sound of the great bells of St. Stephen's Church, that he and his forces retreated in dismay, and abandoned the siege.

It appears that bells, as associated with churches, became in England of very general use at a very early time.

In one of the excerpts of Egbert, one of the last of the Saxon kings in 750, he commands that the priest shall, at the proper hours, have the bells summoning people to church sounded, and thus to the religious sentiment they assisted to contribute a harmony of sound and of order, by marking the divisions of time, which sentiment we cling to as to one of the dearest and most suggestive of our old associations.

Most of the old classic writers have made mention of bells. The early Egyptians are stated to have used a bell, but one of such singular nature and construction as cannot very well be comprehended, much less be described.

It was of wood, and beaten with a hammer of the same material. The sound must have been of a most mournful and even lugubrious nature, if we remember what little vibration there is in this substance.

Bells were baptized with much pomp and reverence. This ceremonial must have been of significant consequence. Alcuin, a learned English ecclesiastic, who lived in the time of Charlemagne, and who was held in much respect by that monarch, states that the christening, or the blessing, of bells had become an established usage in the seventh century.

In the commencement of the sixteenth century eight bells were hung in churches, and as the number, the octave of music, suggested the varying of melody, the art of ringing made such vast strides, that in 1675 a scientific treatise was published, entitled "Campanalogia," or the art of ringing. By the end of the same century, the number had been increased to ten, and subsequently to twelve, at which number, we believe, they now remain.

Let us here add the weights of the great bells which the world boasts of as wonders of the founder's art:—Great bell of St. Paul's, 8,400 pounds; Great Tom of Lincoln, 9,894; Great Tom of Oxford, 17,000; Bell of the Palazzo, Florence, 17,000; St. Peter's, Rome, 18,667; Great bell, Erfurth, 28,224; St. Ivan's Bell, Moscow, 127,836; Bell of the Kremlin, 443,772; which last, broken and suspended, is the admiration of travelers.

Next to the Russian bells, as to size, are those of China, and perhaps for tone, their sonorous metals, or, to speak more properly, the proportion of alloy of which they manufacture their bells and gongs, is not to be excelled by those of any other country.

Bells are not, however, in any general use among them, for, since the native princes were displaced by a Tartar dynasty in 1644, they have almost fallen into total desuetude.

The Emperor Yong-lo, who began his reign in 1403, and transferred the seat of government from Nankin to Pekin, celebrated the event by casting nine bells, of enormous bulk, one of which was of iron.

Seven of them were to be seen about the middle of the seventeenth century, and were said to be exceedingly well cast. One had a diameter of 12 feet 11 inches thick. They were struck also with wooden tongues, but there is a difference of opinion as regards the tone produced existing among writers.

IN A SINGLE TICK.—In one single tick of the clock, the planet Mercury has rushed onward twenty-nine miles. In one tick of the clock storm flames upon the surface of the sun will sweep over two or three hundred thousand miles. But in one tick a ray of light flashes through one hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles, equal to about eight times round and round our whole earth at the equator. A ray of light takes more than eight minutes to pass from the sun to the earth; in those few minutes it has journeyed ninety-one millions of miles. A light gleam from one of our nearest star neighbors, takes three and a half years to travel to the earth, and from Sirius, the dog star, fifteen or twenty years to reach us.

THE PLUMBERS' CONVENTION.

The plumbers have met in a congress,
In their rich robes of purple and gold;
The aggregate wealth of these craftsmen
Is reckoned in millions untold.

And an affluent plumber addressed them,
The chamber was solemnly still,
When he asked why their guild should not always
Be paid for concocting a bill.

He declared that his bills were so lengthy
That his outlay for paper was great,
That his clerk was kept busy till midnight
Inventing new bills on a slate.

That the making up of fresh items
Was too much for a head made of wood;
That the public should pay for trained brain-work,
And the meeting resolved that it should.

And now, as the cold of the winter
Makes breaks for the pipe-mender's skill,
All burghers must look for this item,
"Five dollars for work on the bill."

—S. T. OLES.

Humorous.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it is far safer to trust to the legs in case the other party is real mad.

The philosophy of a dog's running when a can is tied to his tail, instead of biting the string off, is not very clearly understood.

"Why do you always come after tea?" said a lady to our funny contributor. "I come after T," he answered, drawing his chair closer to hers, "to be near U."

A scientist asserts that all babies are deaf for some time after their birth. This is mighty lucky for the babies, as they don't hear the sickening gush that is always uttered about them.

January—When it freezes and blows, take care of your nose that it doesn't get froze, and wrap up your toes in warm worsted hose. At night, ere you slip into bed you may sip a can of good nip.

Lightning struck a contribution-plate in a Western church just as the deacon was passing it around. "This is the first time anything has struck this plate for three months," said the deacon, thoughtfully.

John Quincy Adams made it a rule to be on time to a minute, and in this way he lost hundreds of valuable hours waiting for other people. A man who has been waited for is always more welcome.

Up to a dozen years ago it was generally believed all over the world that a cat could kill a sleeping child by sucking its breath. Twenty years hence no one will believe that dropping the dish-cloth brings bad luck.

Speaking of neat people, one day, she remarked that her son Josiah was one of the most particular men in the world. "Why," said she, "he threw away a whole cup of coffee the other morning because it had a beetle in it."

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It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
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SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.
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A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.
Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.
RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.
Price, 25 Cents Per Box.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
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Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.
☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.
TO THE PUBLIC.
Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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SEWING MACHINES, Needles, Parts, Attachments, Sewing Machine Findings, etc.
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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Sarsaparilla
Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.
Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.
"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1883.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

Philadelphia, April 26, 1880.
DR. J. H. SCHENCK,
Dear Sir:—You will probably remember that when I last saw you with my little daughter that you told me you would like to hear in regard to her health at least once in six months, as she might need more of your advice and medicine as she grew older.
My only apology for failing to call on you or to write is, that her health has been so good since you cured her that I was well satisfied that she was not in need of medical attention. At the same time I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never repay unless it be that I can benefit you by giving a statement of her case for publication, and this I have concluded to do, as I know it will be of great use to others who are similarly afflicted.
In 1875 my daughter, who was then eight years of age, contracted a heavy cold, which soon settled on her lungs. The doctor whom I employed at that time told me that her lungs were affected. She had severe pain in her side and night sweats; and, as she had no appetite, she soon wasted away to almost a skeleton. Every one could see at this time that she was fast going with consumption. Both my husband and myself were very much prejudiced against all patent medicines, and although we had heard of many cures performed by your remedies, we delayed using them or getting your advice until she had been given up by all the doctors we had consulted.
We were living in Reading, Pa., at this time, and when we informed our friends that we had concluded to go to Philadelphia with our little daughter to get your advice, they all said that we were foolish to do so, as they did not think she could live to get there. She was indeed very low. We carried her all the way on pillows, and when we arrived at your office it really seemed to us that it would be like raising one from the dead if you cured her. After an examination, you said it *was possible* to cure her. We commenced to give your medicines that day, and in a few days after her appetite began to improve rapidly. Some weeks after this a swelling came on her side, which grew very large, and finally broke, discharging large quantities of matter. This continued for a long time, but as her appetite was continually improving, and she was apparently gaining strength, we continued the use of the medicines as you directed. Her night sweats and pain soon left her. Although she gained very slow, she finally entirely recovered—in fact she had better health since her recovery than ever before. No one can doubt who saw her when so low, that it was your medicines and kind attention that saved her life.
Yours Truly,
MRS. LIZZIE EVANS,
No. 737 N. 25th St., Philadelphia.

$15.00 IN GOLD
Given away to the person sending me the greatest number of names of *deaf* persons. Each list must be accompanied by affidavit that the names are of *living deaf* people. Competition closed June 1st, after which prize will be awarded. Address
H. C. ERNST, Lock Box 1251, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Brownwood, Tex., Jan. 8, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. E. N.

McArthur, O., Jan. 1, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

A. M. W.

Shenandoah, Ia., Dec 28, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

J. C. W.

Old Fort, N. C., Jan. 8, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

M. J. H.

Malden, Mass., Jan. 7, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

M. L. H.

Delevan, Minn., Dec. 29, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. M. A.

Charleston, S. C., Jan. 1, 83,

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

E. B. S.

Stevensburg, Mich., Jan. 6, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

H. R.

Good Luck, Ark., Dec. 26, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

M. R. W.

Seymour, Ct., Dec. 29, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

A. A. C.

Bagdad, Ky., Dec. 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

M. E. B.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 28, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

D. T.

Grenada, Miss., Dec. 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

V. L. P.

Janesport, Mo., Dec. 28, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

A. D.

Flemington, Ky., Dec. 29, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. I. V.

Offutt, Tenn., Dec. 30, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

W. A. K.

Oakley, Idaho, Dec. 27, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

J. M. S.

Bangor, Mich., Dec. 30, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

H. K. G.

Facetiæ.

Prides itself upon its rank—The onion.

Do spiritualists receive their written messages on rapping paper.

"Never put off until to-morrow" what you ought to keep on until to-day. You might take cold.

"My friends," said a minister, as a preface to his sermon, "let us say a few words before we begin."

Surprise parties are coming into vogue again. The person who is to be surprised issues the invitations through a friend.

An old "salt," when asked how far north he had ever been, replied that he had been so far north that "the cows, when milked beside a red-hot stove, gave ice-cream."

Queer about a child's memory. It will forget a lesson in no time, and remember forever, and be sure to tell, at some inopportune time, something that ought to remain a secret.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

There is a grocer in Camden who is so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold it up by its legs, and closely examine its feet, to see if it hadn't been stealing his sugar.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks, 15cts.

Two friends meeting, the following colloquy ensued: "Where have you been?" "To my tailor's; and I had hard work to make him accept a little money." "You astonish me! Why?" "Because he wanted more."

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, teething, 25c.

"Do you think," asked a college student of a professor of theology, "that the lion and the lamb have ever yet lain down together?" "I don't know," answered the professor, "but if they have, I have no doubt that the lamb was missing from that date."

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HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

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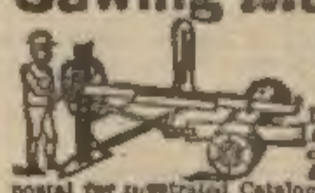

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

$100 to $250 per month guaranteed saved; a positive success to Agents everywhere selling our new braided SILVER MOULD WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINE. Will last a lifetime and never rust. Pleases at sight. Everybody buys them. Samples free. Show to your friends and be convinced. Address GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

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OVER 300,000 IN ACTUAL USE
And all giving perfect satisfaction.
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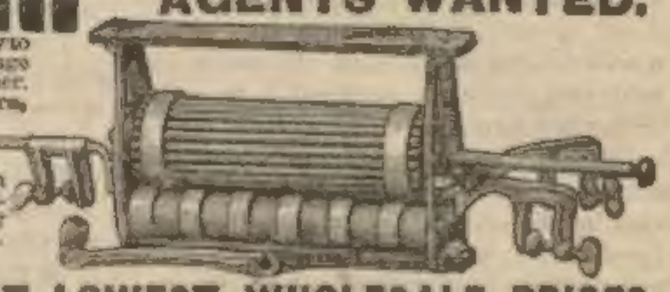

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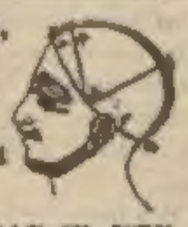

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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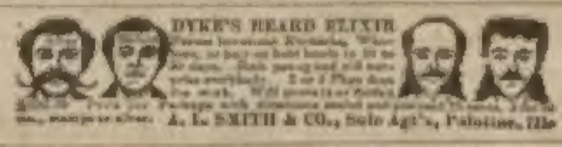

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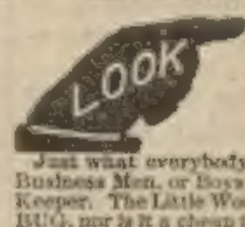

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TO have the effect of being supremely well-dressed. A woman must know the "expression" of her gown thoroughly, and put her whole toilet, her appearance, in a word, perfectly in harmony with it.

The form of the waist at the neck, its trimmings, must influence the arrangement of the hair; it must be a little higher or a little lower, or a little more frizzy, or less so, as may be necessary in order that the lines of the head shall harmonize with those of the neck.

The height and arrangement of draperies on the skirt must influence the smaller or greater amount of bustle to be worn, and so forth.

Moreover no dress, when put on for the very first time after it is completed, takes the curves and contour of the figure as it should.

A woman's dress should always look like a part of herself, and this is impossible when an evening dress, sent home at the last moment, is hastily jumped into, without its having been previously tried on, or any minor defects it may have corrected. Upon the whole, it is well to avoid, as much as possible, the ordering of toilets for certain occasions at very short notice.

There are times, of course, when it cannot be avoided.

But a little forethought would often render this hurry and stress unnecessary.

The best dressmakers are not always implicitly to be relied upon.

Mistakes will occur in the finishing of dresses in the best-regulated establishments, and it is better not to count too trustfully upon the toilet being "all right," and ready to put on there and then, when it is sent home for some occasion when a woman wants to look her very best.

A scientifically dressed woman would certainly not take risk of the possible disappointment which may await her.

In how many cases a whole evening's enjoyment has been spoiled for a woman and all her comfort destroyed by the consciousness that something was amiss with her dress.

The something may not have been at all apparent to other people but the wearer's constrained demeanor, resulting from it, are apparent enough in any case, and an awkward, self-conscious manner always puts a woman at such a disadvantage.

To be well dressed would be a most important thing for man or woman, if for nothing else, for the ease, and poise, and self-possession which it gives.

After all, clothing is not merely a covering for one's nakedness, nor a physiological institution for preserving the surface of our bodies from the intemperance of the elements.

It has an effect, none the less powerful that it is subtle, on the mind; even the morals is influenced by it.

There are organizations to which any sustained brain work would be impossible, were their person untidy and carelessly clad.

George Eliot could not write a line unless her apparel and all her surroundings were in faultless order.

True, we have, on the other hand.

Thomas Carlyle, thinking the thoughts of generations in a lifetime, and giving utterance to his prophetic visions, in a shabby plaid dressing-gown; and innumerable German savants, unkempt and unshorn, keeping in the front rank of the world's science, enveloped in snuffy old coats, and greasy "Schlafrocke."

But, were the analogy traced out, we think it would be found that carelessness, indeed, utter forgetfulness, as regards attire though it may distinguish men, and also women, who live intensely concentrated lives, their thoughts constantly flowing inwards, and they not caring what outward expression their brain work receives, is never a characteristic of those other brain workers whose thoughts flow outward and to whom the form in which their ideas are couched is of as much moment as are the ideas themselves.

George Eliot had a gigantic mind, with ideas as wide and high as the naves and arches of a cathedral; but the words in which they found expression were as carefully, painfully elaborated, as utterly, exactly, minutely fit, as the airy carvings, the lace work in stone, the slender, arrow-like spires, that shoot upwards from and adorn the massive lines of the Duomo of Milan.

We can quite fancy that George Eliot, writing, with minute painstaking, her sixty lines, on an average, a day, should have felt in some way trammeled, impeded, unless she was perfectly dressed; just as it is easy to believe that Carlyle's turbid and turbulent eloquence could come from within the folds of a shabby, slouchy plaid dress.

We were once fortunate in the possession of a little dog with a coat of as snowy and spotless white as ever poodle was blessed with.

When the daily bath of this intelligent

When the daily bath of this intelligent animal, owing to any derangement in the ordinary routine of the household, was overlooked, it refused to consort with its master and mistress and their friends, and crept into ignominious retirement under chair or sofa, from which no persuasion could lure it, and where it remained until plucked from it by force and submitted to its usual cleansing process.

This question of clothes is a wide one, an immeasurably wider one than most people suppose.

Did not Carlyle himself, though not careful as to what his own habiliments were, write "Sarto Resartus?"

There certainly the full significance of this clothing for the human form, which some people pretend to despise, was made apparent in all its bearings.

There is an art of dressing; there are æsthetics of dress; there is a science of proximate justice, in such space as is allotted to us here.

So we go back once more to the minutely practical.

At this particular time of year, nothing is of such immediate interest to all women who go into society, whether little or much as the subject of evening dresses.

The frequent appearance of green among this winter's evening colors is very refreshing.

We have had so very much white for several seasons, and next to white so very much pale pink and pale blue, that any new tint—new, at least, in so far as anything in the way of fashion can be new, newness or oldness being computable merely by the length of time for which a color or style has been in or out of vogue—greets the eye with a most pleasing and restful effect.

It is so with gray and violet, both of which seem determined to make their way, both for day and for evening wear, into the front rank of fashionable colors. The bluish Nile green, a most exquisite tint, has all the charm of a new combination once more, after having so long lain in the shade of retirement.

Then we have what is known as Holbein green, with a strong dash of yellow in it, also a very effective color for the evening.

These greens are used in brocade—taking care always to remember that fruits are much newer and more "chic" than flowers for brocades—or in plain faille.

The latter can be had, of a really very handsome quality, for two dollars per yard in all the new shades of evening colors.

The train can be plain at the bottom, being laid in broad flat plaits at the waist.

The front can be covered with flounces of lace, or with a net-work of chenille, with a hollow pearl bead pendant in each square, or, again, it can be of brocade with very large figures, in the design of which gold or silver thread is worked.

The bodice must be pointed in front and finished with the lace, or a trimming of chenille and pearls, to correspond with the front.

Put in lace sleeves, or no sleeves at all, and cut square at the neck in front and behind, or in front alone.

Garlands of plush roses or other flowers, massed thickly together, with little foliage, are being used by some houses to trim dresses of brocade, ottoman, velvet and faille as much as thin toilets, but they are generally set at the top of flounces or draperies of tulle, or other gauzy material.

One new evening dress for a young lady has the front of white tulle in large puffs, and a sort of redingote polonaise of red velvet, caught back with bouquets of red roses and trimmed at the neck with Mechlin lace and a cluster of roses and buds.

Some imported ball dresses have these close trimmings of flowers along the edge of the bodice as a trimming. This does not do for stout women, though.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN BRIC-A-BRAC.

A BEAUTIFUL group executed in bronze represents Hercules bearing Proserpina in his arms as he is conducted by Cerberus from the infernal regions.

A novelty in Worcester ware is an apple dish, which consist of two oval plates, the edges richly gilt, and on either side a cream pitcher and a tiny sugar bowl.

The best specimens of terra cotta ware come directly from Dieppe, and are carved by some of the ablest artists of the day.

Scenes from the life the fishing population are realistically reproduced, and the carving when completed is mounted in a deep border of rich velvet, either black or crimson.

A handsome card-receiver is in the purest alabaster; in the centre is a medallion of Leonardo da Vinci surrounded by smaller ones of Raphael, Gallio, Ariosto, and Tasso.

A most perfect specimen of native Japanese art is seen in a pair of porcelain vases expressly made for the exhibition of Tokio.

Buddah and the goddess Benten are represented surrounded by poets, philosophers, and historians, a few nymphs attired in robes and mantles of gold and blue attending upon the deities.

As usual in Japanese work of this kind every detail is carried out, and, although the faces are small, each has perfect individuality of expression.

Both Buddah and his goddess are surrounded by a nimbus.

A sword which played its part in the Satsuma rebellion in Japan has a handle of curiously wrought iron-work.

The hilt represents a dragon, the scabbard is of lacquered red wood, and upon the handle the sacred mountain Fusyama is carved in silver.

In a newly imported specimen of Eastern carved ivory a theatrical group is represented, consisting of actors and musicians.

The face of the principal actor is covered by a mask surmounted by the mythical dragon.

One musician plays a flute, the other is energetically beating a drum, and the figures are all full of life and expression.

Very small square sandal-wood boxes are richly carved in representation of mythological scenes, and are finished off with a bordering half an inch in width in inlaid silver and ivory.

Old Italian oak is of the darkest and richest brown, and is very rare.

A masterpiece of antique carving in this material is conspicuous upon the lid of a coffer, which is supported upon the shoulders of griffins with glaring eyes and fangs.

Upon the front a sea piece, with Neptune riding his sea horses and triumphant over sea monsters is wonderfully reproduced in carving.

A circular mirror from the Constantine palace in Rome is framed in dark Italian oak, exquisitely covered.

Figures of sporting cupids peep out from rich, full foliage, and in their midst Jupiter's head appears as if crowned with the falling leaves.

Japanese silver-work is among the most beautiful of all, not only for the minute attention paid to detail, but because many metals are often used in combination with great effect.

A moonlight scene, for example, is thus represented, the effect of varying light and shade upon hanging blossoms upon a cherry tree being conveyed in the varying tones of different metals.

The background of the scene is shibouitchi metal, the moon in gold, and the blossoms in in a paler shade of the same precious metal.

A very racy curio, made in bronze, richly worked and mounted on teakwood, is a Chinese incense burner. Upon a cover of the same material a representation of the dog Foo is beautifully carved in ivory.

Rests for carving-knives are taking a novel shape. Between a pair of silver horses a bar of the same metal supports the knives.

Cabinets for bric-a-brac are found in every reception-room, and can be very readily ornamented at home. Very often they simply consist of frame-work and shelves of the most ordinary wood, simply carved in low relief and ebonized at home.

The bright yellow tint of many Japanese vases has never been successfully imitated by European artisans. Its popularity in Japan is no doubt owing to the fact that from time immemorial saffron tint has been considered lucky.

The grotesque would appear always to go hand in hand with the beautiful, and so we find side by side with the most exquisite terra cotta carvings a grinning skeleton carried out in the same material. To add to the ghastly effect a sleeping infant is in its arms.

PLUSH STAND.—These little stands, to be covered with plush, can be purchased at almost any furniture store. The top is of pine wood, the legs are round, and of either light or dark wood, the color is of no consequence, however, as the whole frame is to be covered with plush, of which a good quality should be selected. The legs should be covered first, and this is done by cutting three strips the length of the legs, and fit smoothly round, allowing sufficient for a small seam up the side where it will be least noticed. This seam is to be neatly hemmed with sewing-silk matching the color of the plush. Then tack the plush in three or four places to hold it to the top, and gather the lower edge which covers the foot of the legs, as you would a ruffle without the heading. Draw it very close, and sew it strongly. This will keep the covering perfectly smooth. The top should be covered next, the material is laid plainly on it, drawn smoothly over the edge and tacked all round the side.

Correspondence.

GRACE, (Moorestown, N. J.)—The quotation as you give it is correct.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 3.

TOPSY, (Fluvanna, Va.)—Five feet four and a half is the average height for a woman. 2. Of course.

JONAH, (Fort Wayne, Ind.)—When passing persons of either sex on the street, always keep to the right hand.

ROBERT, (Memphis, Tenn.)—It is impossible to judge of a person's looks from portraits such as you send; they are so imperfect that they give the features a distorted appearance.

BLOSSOM, (Brown, Kans.)—1. Say that you are unable to accept, owing to a recent bereavement in the family. 2. It is entirely a matter of feeling, we should say that it is not all necessary, as your uncle resided such a distance from you.

MARY, (Venango, Pa.)—It depends entirely on circumstances; for instance, one sister may be a friend of the family, and the other not. It should also be remembered that houses are, unfortunately, not elastic, and that crowded rooms are very uncomfortable; so that in some cases a selection of one or two members of a family must be made.

WALLACE, (Newport, R. I.)—Mary was the first cousin of Joseph, and therefore of the blood of Abraham. The children even of the widow, as you must know by the question put to our Lord, were reckoned as of the generation of the first husband. In Hervey's generations of our Lord, the genealogies are shown to be also those of Mary. The question or knotty point you put is as old as the first centuries, and perhaps always will present some difficulties.

RUSH, (Antietam, Va.)—All land-tortoises feed on vegetable food; and, like other reptiles, they have an arbitrary stomach as well as lungs, and can refrain from eating as well as breathing for the greater part of a year. In cold weather, both before and after hibernation, they eat but little; but in summer they eat ravenously. They require little nourishment, however, and can even remain for months without taking any. The motion of the animals is both slow and awkward; but they are quiet, inoffensive creatures.

S. S., (New York, N.Y.)—The Society of Friends is exclusive; but there is no doubt that membership can be obtained. The discipline, however, is not, we believe, so strict now as it was years ago. The step contemplated would, however, probably be deemed sufficient to lead to exclusion. If such a prospect exists, why think of it? The best plan will be to make the acquaintance of some member and ask particulars. This is not difficult to do. There are in all localities estimable Friends who would be most willing to help an inquirer.

OLD H., (Collington, Md.)—There were two executioners—two men dressed as sailors and masked—on the scaffold with Charles the First. Which it was that performed the terrible office was not known at the time—indeed it was purposely kept secret, in order to protect the man from assassination by the Royalists. After the Restoration an endeavor was made to discover the headsman; but it does not appear to have been successful. Richard Brandon, the regular executioner, is generally credited with having cut off the king's head; and rightly, no doubt.

HYPOTHESIS, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The great law or principle which Charles Darwin discovered is that of evolutionary development through the surroundings of the organism. Darwin found that species became modified by the survival of the fittest, and in the process of the struggle organisms, to live, generally were conformed to the requirements of the external, thus changing as circumstances changed, new parts appearing when they were wanted and old parts disappearing when no longer required. In this way species became modified and new forms of life were developed. Read his work on the development of species by selection, and then that on man, both obtainable at any good library in the city.

MIGNONETTE, (Putnam, O.)—Ossian was a Highland poet who lived about the middle of the third century; but the two epics which Macpherson, the Scotch schoolmaster, attributed to him, and which he asserted were translations made by himself from early Erse manuscripts collected in the Highlands of Scotland, were simply forgeries. Dr. Johnson was the first to boldly pronounce them such, challenging Macpherson to produce a manuscript of any Erse poem of earlier date than the sixteenth century. Hume, Gibbon, and others held the same opinion as the great lexicographer; but Blair and Gray, Lord Kames and Sir John Sinclair considered that the translations were genuine. Not a manuscript or even a fragment however of any early Erse or Irish poem translated by Macpherson has ever been discovered; while Laing has pointed out in various passages in the schoolmaster's productions imitations of the Bible, of Homer, Virgil, Milton, and others.

INCOG., (Washington, D.C.)—Be warned! If you follow your present course much farther, you will land yourself in a lunatic asylum. We find it hard to believe that you have allowed yourself to reach such a depth of degradation. You must surely know that Nature's laws cannot be violated with impunity, and that the more you break through her recognized restraints the heavier must be the penalty to be paid. Her laws are just, but terrible. There is no leaning to mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable. But this, after all, is the least part of the matter. We all dread a bodily paralysis, and would take every measure to prevent it, but what of paralysis of the soul? They that do the devil's work must look for nothing but the devil's pay; and gold can no more fill the spirit of a man than grace his purse. The immortal, the immaterial, the heaven-born part must have the proper nourishment; and worldly pleasures and fleshly gratifications do not supply this. Rid the inner spirit of the unclean birds that seek to prey upon it. Fly from the present terrible evil, amend your ways and turn to what is good. There is but one sure method. Occupy your mind so wholly and entirely with useful work and pure thought that there will be neither time nor opportunity for wandering fancies or evil suggestions. The enemy will not be mastered all at once, but, if you fairly confront him and set yourself to do battle with him, you will find probably that he will quickly recede. There is nothing so sad as an utterly corrupt nature; there is nothing which carries so heavy a burden. Do not add to yours. A man should be well aware of the step which he has already stumbled over.